Fit "TripleX" -and be safe MG do !

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII No. 1855 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — AUG. 10 1935

Whatever type of suit or coat you have in mind ask your Tailor to use only

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge.

"COURTINE" LININGS —woven by COURTAULDS —will not shrink, fade or fray, and your clothes can be cleaned time and again.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS write direct to the Manufacturers: COURTAULDS LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, LONDON, E.C.1.

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK.

BOLS LIQUEURS

Some of the famous Liqueurs made in Amsterdam for more than 357 years:

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

KÜMMEL—always with your coffee.
CURAÇAO—an after-lunch liqueur.
BOLS BLANC—for your cocktail.
CHERRY BRANDY—warming.
CREME DE MENTHE—aids digestion.
V. O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS)—one glass a day.

DEAF-

MR R. H. DENT'S Ardente FOR DEAF EARS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE TEST

Ask for "Medical Commendations"

YOU DON'T NEED EARS TO HEAR WITH "BONADENTE" —BONE CONDUCTION—

Really Better Hearing for Church, Conversation, Home, Talkies, Meetings, Shopping and street safety! No need to use ears to hear by this method, the very latest invention of bone conduction. "BONADENTE" is perfection. Entirely different from all else and combining amplification with amazing true-to-tone results—nothing to be worn in the Ear orifice and really inconspicuous. No matter the cause of your deafness—cases considered hopeless are now benefitting (so-called "Stone Deafness"). This is the complete answer to your needs whatever you have tried or are using. Even if the drums are perforated or removed, bone conduction means that you hear by bone-contact—no need to use your ears at all.

(Suite 24), **309, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1**

(Look for coloured building & square clock.) *Mayfair 1380/1718.*

Birmingham. Bristol. Cardiff. Edinburgh. Exeter. Glasgow. Hull. Liverpool. Leeds. Leicester. Manchester. Newcastle.

Get YOUNGER EVERY DAY

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S **Scotch Ale**

Get it at home and at your Club

The Talk o' the Town

SILVERDALE TEA

Write for Particulars: SILVERDALE 1, PAUL STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE

Drambuie

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR

THE PERFECT COCKTAIL CONTAINS DRAMBUIE

For SLEEPLESSNESS

GENASPRIN

Determine to sleep *soundly* to-night. Take two Genasprin tablets before retiring. You will wake rested and refreshed, and because of its absolute purity, Genasprin will leave no harmful after-effects.

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

See the Point

SILVER WONDER
THE WORLD'S SMOOTHEST PEN.

The special turned-up stub point—medium, fine and broad—gives maximum writing comfort on any paper. Made of white metal, non-corrosive; supremely serviceable and lasting. Choose the Silver Wonder, and write with delight, in this Silver Jubilee Year.

All Stationers 4/6 a gross; Box of 12 Pens 6d.

FREE SAMPLE ON REQUEST

PERRY & CO., LTD.,
The Century Old Penmakers,
(Dept. SP.) 49 OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E.C.4
Works: BIRMINGHAM

ONE OF THE FAMOUS PERRY TESTED PENS

By Appointment By Appointment

CEREBOS
TABLE SALT
For dainty tables.

VAPEX

for
SUMMER COLDS and CATARRH

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V129a THOS. KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

What the eye doesn't see...

the mind cannot grasp! These limitations are conveniently overcome with the

VEDET Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

which can be carried in pocket or handbag. Of similar construction to prism binoculars, but with only one barrel. Very quickly focussed—weighs only 7 ozs., is but 4 ins. in length, magnification × 8.

Complete in leather case with sling ... **£3.17.6**

Write for full particulars:—

W. WATSON & SONS LTD.
313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

ACHES PAINS STIFFNESS
RUBBED AWAY

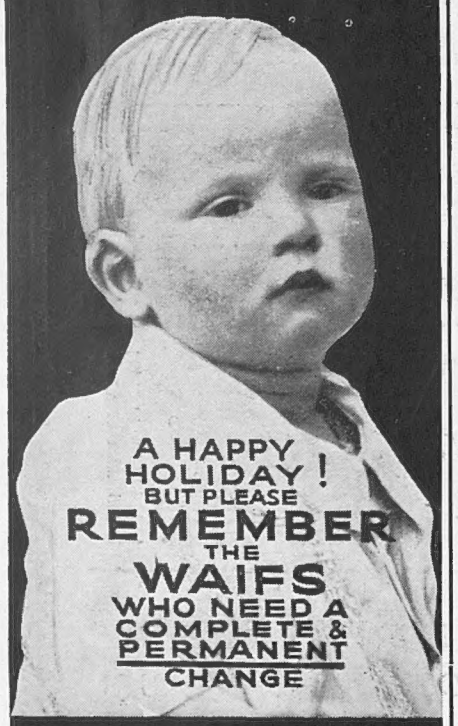
STIFF JOINTS
STRAINED MUSCLES
MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA
LUMBAGO
etc.

Rub out the local congestion which causes the trouble. When the searching glow of a Volatol rub stimulates your circulation, your blood vessels expand and bring fresh blood to the part whilst the pent-up waste products are quickly carried away and you feel free again.

Of all Chemists 2/-

Rub a little in...feel a lot better
VOLATOL
TAKES PAINS

4500 CHILDREN UNDER OUR CARE



A HAPPY HOLIDAY! BUT PLEASE REMEMBER THE WAIFS WHO NEED A COMPLETE & PERMANENT CHANGE

1/- A DAY WILL FEED A CHILD

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
KENNINGTON S.E.11

KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE TRUST

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECHES

THE RECORD OF THE SILVER JUBILEE

Special Limited
LIBRARY EDITION
individually numbered
and bound in Leather

Compiled by permission of H.M. the King, this work includes in its fifty-six pages the full text of His Majesty's Speeches and the Jubilee Addresses and broadcast messages. It is illustrated throughout with full-page plates on art paper.

A limited supply of a special Library Edition has been prepared. Copies are available at 10/6 each, Post Free 10/9. These are individually numbered, and bound in Blue leather, with the Royal Coat of Arms and the titles embossed in gold.

The proceeds from the sale of every copy will be devoted to King George's Jubilee Trust.

Orders for this special Library Edition may be sent by post, using the Order Form below.

To: The Editor, His Majesty's Speeches, King George's Jubilee Trust, 10, St. James's Square, S.W.1

Please send me by return "His Majesty's Speeches."

.....copy(ies) Library Edition at 10/9 each, post free, for which I enclose remittance value _____

Cheques or Postal Orders should be sent crossed and made payable to: "KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE TRUST." Write Below Clearly in Block Letters.

NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
DATE.....

CASH ADVANCED
£30 to £5,000
WITHOUT SECURITY
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD.,
4, The Green, RICHMOND, SURREY

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

surplus energy; for creating a colonial empire that is something more than a precarious outpost, something that has the seeds of our own. We at least, and France, should sympathise in the need and in the aim. And we do. In our own history we have secured our imperial needs under euphemisms. We have called deliberate annexations the suppression of revolts. But History is not the responsibility of a race. A generation is not estopped by the acts or opinions of its preceding generation. Thus, we are entitled to sympathize in Italy's vital need and to deplore her methods of attaining it under euphemisms. Civilised opinion has shewn a majority disapproval of Italy's policy and actions in the past months and it is perfectly clear that the rift in the clouds at Geneva last week, just when things looked blackest, was indeed due to the fact that Mussolini realized the extent to which public opinion had set in against his policy and that he does not underrate its force, even to-day. And that is interesting—and hopeful. For public opinion is the mainspring of any such peace-instrument as the League of Nations. The League is at least vaguely linked with the latest agreement at Geneva which will give one further outside chance of a settlement by arbitration and negotiation; and public opinion has been a deciding force.

THE SAME IN MICROCOSM.—And as in international affairs, so in microcosm in domestic matters. British miners well appreciate the force of public opinion, and last week they took the course of canvassing public opinion in favour of their strong claims to a better standard of living. Clearly a sound move. Public opinion already sympathises with the plight of the unemployed miners, realizes the appalling dangers and unpleasantness of the industry, and agrees that the miner's

the changing of the guard on August 4 their twenty-first anniversary of the outbreak of Barracks, watched by a large crowd

average wage is far below the compensatory scale. I believe that what has hindered public opinion from embracing more warmly the miner's case is in part due to a perhaps selfish consideration to a matter (more or less, I do not pretend to know) beyond the miner's control—I mean the retail price of domestic coal. When for years the householder has been forced to pay 42s. a ton for kitchen coal, while coal interests cry out for markets for coal if the industry is to be saved, the man in the street is not disposed to sympathy with any section of the industry; he is inclined (because he is preoccupied with his own worries and the cost of living) to lump the whole industry together as a muddling, illogical concern.

A WARNING TO WANTON ROAD-PLANNERS.—When the great August road census, now about to be completed, yields up its secrets I hope the authorities will not underrate or lose sight of the prevailing fashions and tendencies of the hour. The road census is to furnish figures on which the coming national re-planning of roads is to be based. The existing system has many critics in political camps, and among experts, surveyors, engineers, and motor manufacturers (such as Sir H. Austin). Many of them would completely revolutionise the present policy of road construction and widening. In such circumstances any straw which shows the direction of the wind of fashion is a tremendous trifle. Therefore I read with interest a little announcement that Lord and Lady Weymouth, (hero and heroine of that charming story of the gold watch and the Trafalgar Square singing crowd on Jubilee night) are taking a road tour through the Black Forest with a party of friends. They do not travel in Rolls-Royces, nor in Bentleys, nor even in Austins, Morrises, or Vauxhalls. They travel *au vélo*, on push bicycles, as did in the naughty 'nineties men and women now middle-aged. It was *au vélo* that I saw pleasantly and leisurely the historic towns of Belgium and the châteaux of Normandy, and learned more about those countries and peoples than ever I learned since, flashing by in cars. The Weymouths have taken to the push-bike because they are momentarily tired of the strain of driving cars under modern conditions, and I stake my experience that others of their kind, and older and younger folk also, are already following suit. The bicycle, which has never ceased to develop, is going to have another brief or long run as a vehicle of fashion. Wherever there is a by-road left, comparatively free from charabanc and bus traffic, there you will meet bright young and brightly mature men and women pedalling along on their lawful occasions for sheer joy of exercise, simplicity, and peace. The reaction is against the intense strain of driving and the intricate mass of regulations which control it. Therefore the road-planning authorities should take serious note of this tendency. They will do well to leave the countryside a few virgin by-roads, and in planning their new 100-foot, insulated, speed-regulated trunk roads, with pedal and pedestrian parallel tracks, let them "hedge" a little. It is not impossible that the reaction against the strain of motoring may set in strong and be laid at the door of those very by-pass and model speed tracks which were designed to make motoring easier and safer—and have had the very opposite result.

THE BUCHMANITES AT OXFORD.—The Buchmanites have been crowding Oxford out with their monster "house-parties." Jollier, better-behaved, keener young men and women never were seen in batches. For several years the group has at this time of year filled to capacity such colleges as Queen's and Oriel, and given to the bursars of those colleges more work than worry. Oxford in vacation is as full and not less jolly than in summer term-time. The movement shows no sign of petering out. Sometimes I think the Group's efforts to gain recruits grow more insistent. Certainly it has discovered the secret of investing religion with cheerfulness, and every year one notes recruits from high places and from a wide variety of types and sects and schools of thought. Each year it sends out missions to likely fields in Europe and I like to think of them doing their cheerful missionary work, as Miss Macaulay has immortalised them. This Group movement's methods may not suit everybody's taste. Some of us are wedded to a reticence in religious expression (which doubtless often leads to neglect and atrophy). But there can be no doubt that as at present developed and practised, the Buchmanite movement came aptly and has done good.

THE "ASHES" OF CRICKET.—How dreary a business test or business cricket can be was well exemplified last week at Manchester. The South Africans were perfectly "within the law" and even within the spirit of test cricket to play for a safety which was safe from the start of the fourth innings. They were justified alone by the fact that Test match records are regarded as of vital importance, justified by the fact that if they played out time they could ensure a return home unbeaten. But other reasons have been adduced for their ca' canny policy. Their captain, it was said, made admission that the team was tired out, tired of cricket, and resolved at all costs to prevent the possibility of a non-stop final at the Oval. Three more days of test cricket is as much as they can stand. I don't wonder. I fancy it is as much as the British public can stand. We need not look round for the causes which have made international cricket often so dreary a business. They are plain :—

(1) The inevitable bathos which must supervene after the lashing to excitement and the promise of major thrills given by the press and that army of *dégommés* captains who write for the Press and so embarrass the English captain, team, and selectors.

THE DESERTED CITY: How London in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's looked on Monday afternoon, when business folk were enjoying the extended week-end by the sea and in the country

(2) The perfection of the groundsman's art which can create a wicket capable of remaining starch-fronted after three days of hard wear.

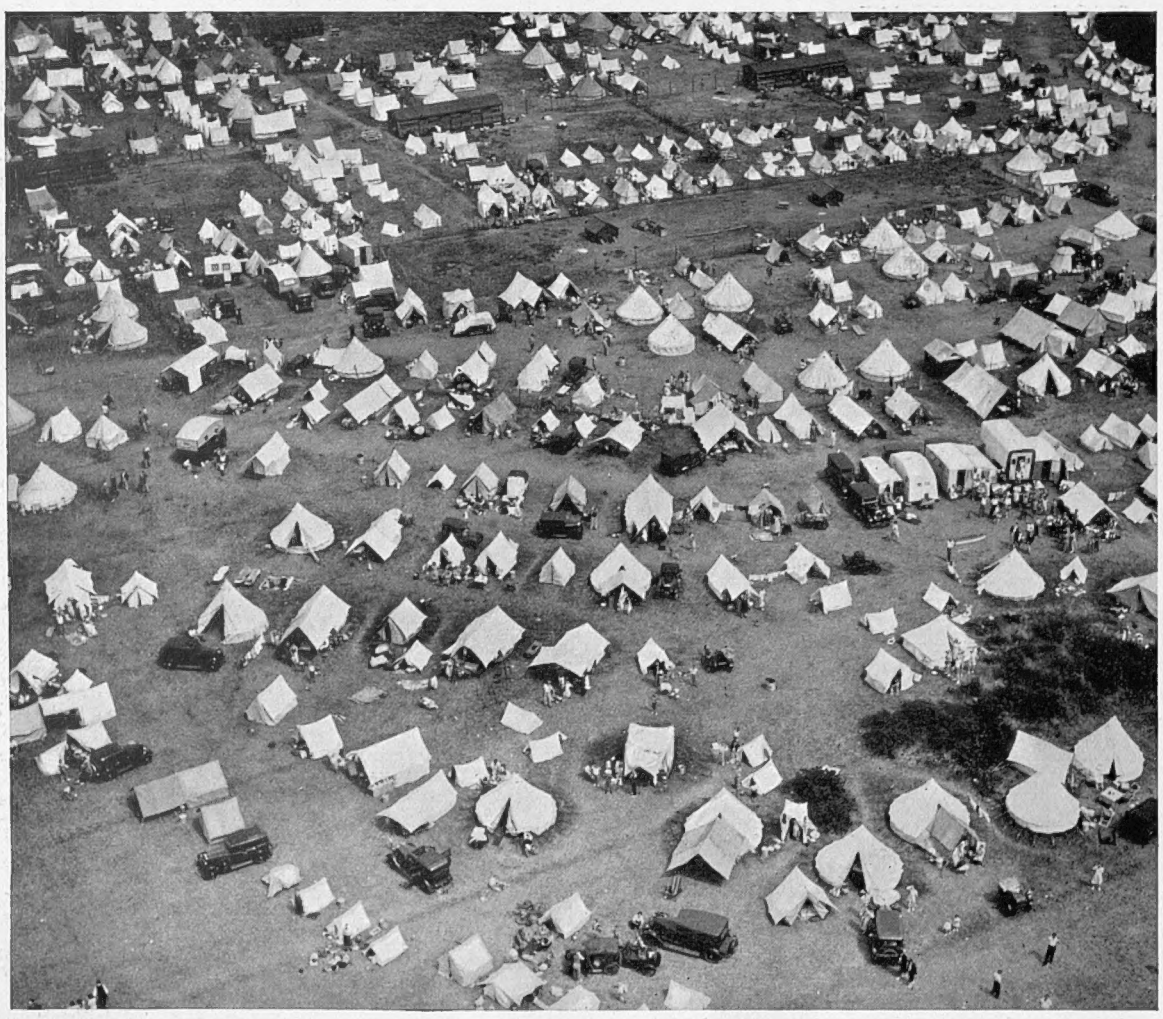
(3) The absurd "international importance" accorded to games of play between rival teams in the Empire.

The "importance" of test cricket makes the average cricketer lose all sense of proportion and most of his sense of humour, initiative, and sportsmanship. The perfection of the artificially-prepared turf breaks the heart of the best bowler. The spirit of cricket cannot live under such conditions. But it is lively enough under normal conditions—*e.g.* at Huddersfield in the Yorks-Essex match when the champion county was skittled out for 31 after little more than one hour's play, making at the moment when their championship success was assured, the lowest total of the year and something of a record in the rabbit-hutch line. Nichols and Read of Essex will remember July 31, 1935—4 for 17 and 6 for 11 against the Champions. There is an unquenchable spark in the ashes of cricket. Give it a fair wind and the bonfire is ablaze again at a moment when it looks cold and dead.

THE OLD STAGER.

EXODUS TO THE SEA: A typical scene at Victoria Coaching Station, which, like the great railway termini, was besieged by crowds throughout Bank Holiday week-end

LOW-TIDE AT MARGATE: The thronged beach during last week-end when this resort, in common with many others on the South Coast, catered for one of the largest holiday invasions of recent times. Accommodation here proved inadequate to meet the demand, and thousands spent Saturday and Sunday nights under the stars



THREE DAYS UNDER CANVAS

A sea of tents in a field near Southend—a picture that gives an indication of the present popularity of the camping holiday

THE BEACH AS A DORMITORY: Two membe Southend as all the boarding-houses and hotels allowed five thousand deck chairs to b

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE IN THE HEART during the annual Kirk O' Muir Conventicle whi congregation drawn from all parts of Scotland. Not

England Revels in the Bank Holiday Sunshine

FATHER THAMES AS HOST TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS: Great as was the Bank Holiday rush to the sea, there were many people who preferred not to go so far afield and to camp out by the river. This picture was taken near Chertsey, one of the beauty spots where countless tents were pitched during the week-end

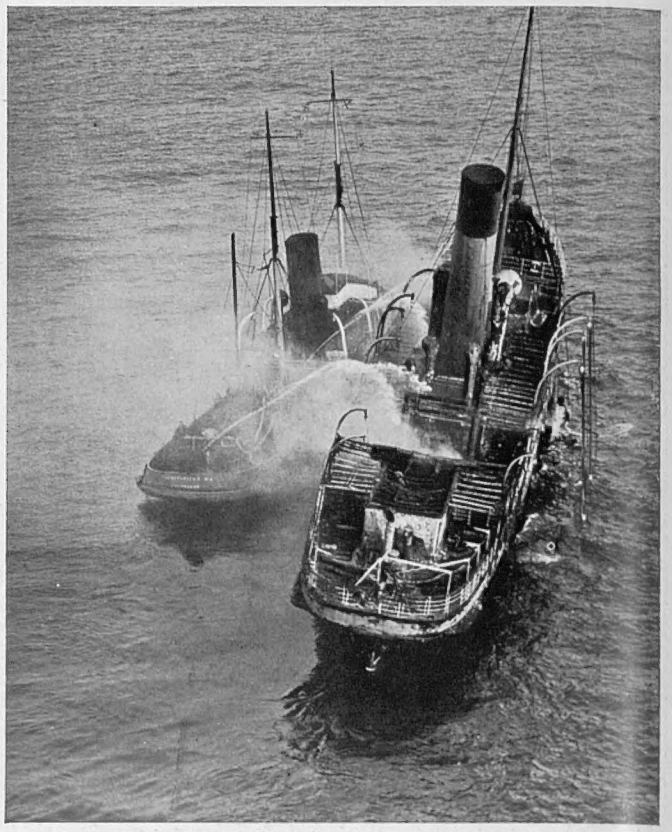
of the vast crowd of visitors which slept out at the town had been booked up. The Corporation hired out at sixpence each for all-night use

THE FINTRY HILLS, STIRLINGSHIRE: A scene was held on August 4 and attended by a large the long line of cars and motor coaches in the background

THE FLEET HOLDS ITS ANNUAL "AT HOME": Crowds inspecting the giant battle-cruiser *Hood* at Portsmouth on the opening day of Navy Week which was inaugurated by the Duke of York last Saturday and is being held simultaneously at Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham. There have been record attendances this year at all three ports

EUROPEAN SURVEY

The Wreck of the *Princess Ena* off Jersey and Other Happenings of the Week

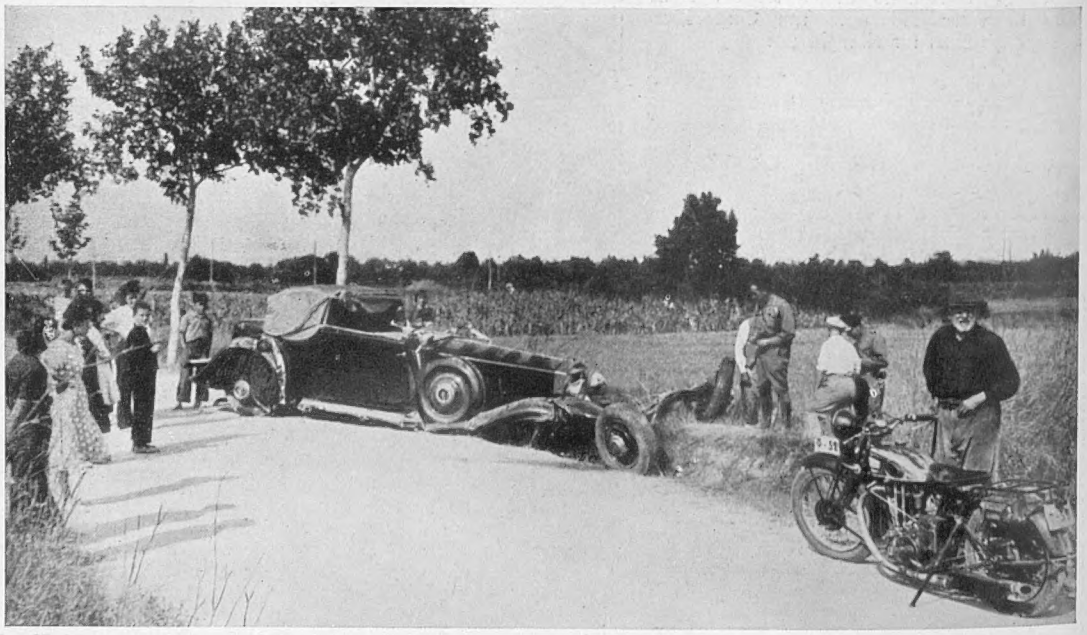


Above and Above on Right—A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY: Two aerial views taken during the last moments of the Southern Railway cross-channel steamer *Princess Ena*, which caught fire last Saturday while on her way to St. Malo after having disembarked 350 passengers at Jersey. The captain with his officers and crew, numbering forty-three, fought a gallant but losing battle to save the vessel, which eventually sank. No one was drowned

POLITICS AND PLEASURE: Dr. Goebbels, the Nazi Minister of Propaganda, addressing members of the Hitler Youth Movement on the Wilhelm Platz in Berlin. Many of the boys present were the sons of Germans resident abroad, who had returned to their native country for a short camping holiday

A TRIBUTE TO KING ALBERT: Some of the five hundred and sixteen cadets and officers of the Duke of York's Military School, who have been paying a visit to Belgium, walking towards the Royal Crypt at Laeken, near Brussels, where they laid a wreath on the tomb of the late King of the Belgians

ENGINELESS FLIGHT: Herr Brautigam, one of the four German aviators who recently broke the world's gliding record by travelling a distance of 500 kilometres. They landed at Brunn, Czechoslovakia

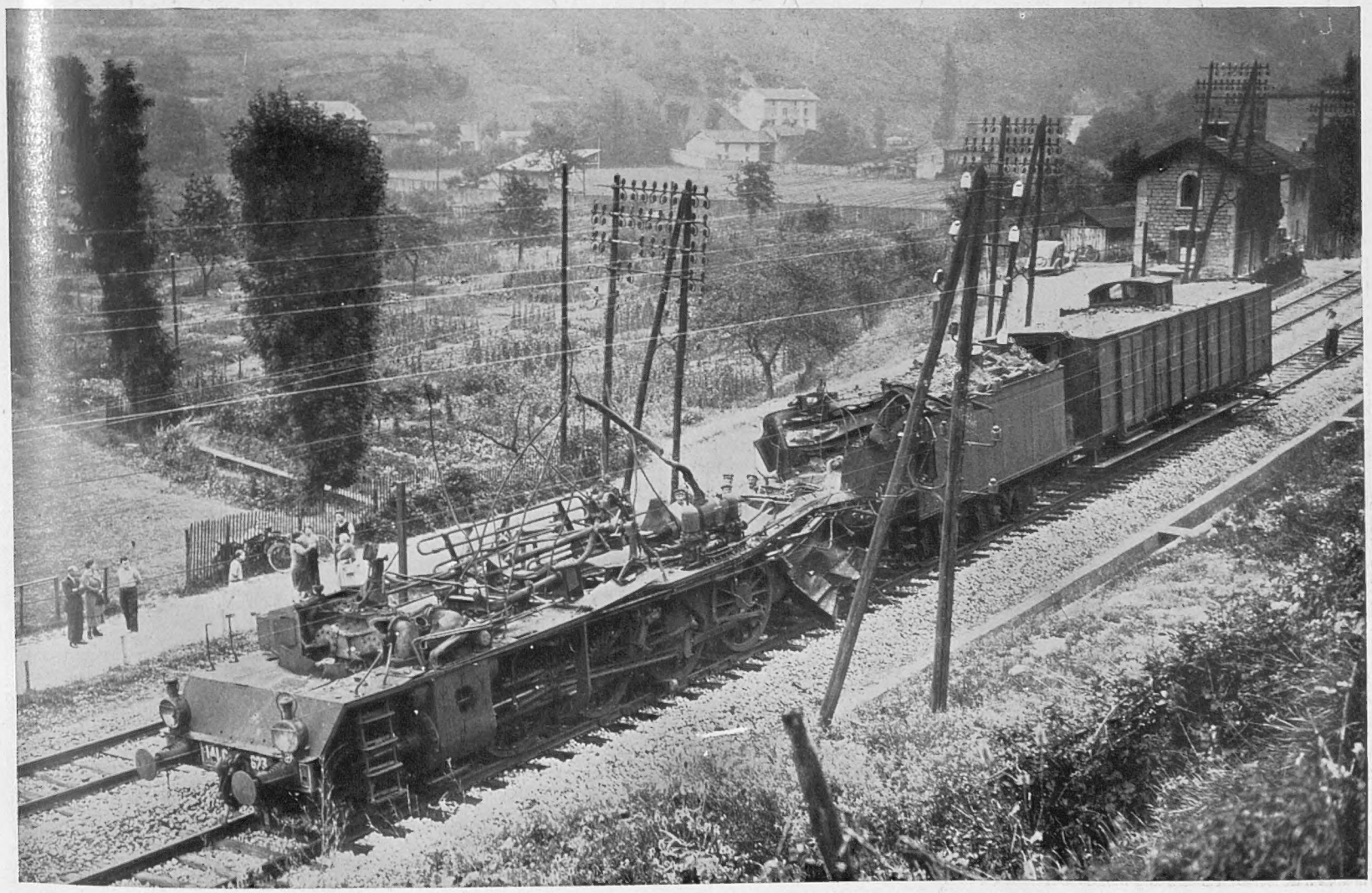


DISASTER ON A SPANISH HIGHWAY: The wrecked Rolls-Royce in which Prince Alexis Mdivani, former husband of Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow (Barbara Hutton), was killed when travelling at 90 m.p.h. on Friday of last week towards a railway station, whither he was endeavouring to convey Baroness Maud von Thyssen, who desired to catch an express for Paris. The Baroness suffered very severe injuries

AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT TO A PARIS EXPRESS

The Boiler of the Engine Bursts and is Hurled 200 yards into a Nearby Field

AFTER THE EXPLOSION: The thirty-ton boiler of the engine of the Paris-Modane express seen where it came to rest after exploding and bouncing for 200 yards across a field. The accident, which took place when the train was travelling at a moderate speed near Tenay, in the Department of the Ain, was one of the most remarkable of recent times. The driver and fireman were killed instantly, but no passengers were hurt as the automatic brakes prevented the coaches from being derailed. The cavity seen in the above picture was one of several made by the boiler as it hurtled along the ground



THE POWER OF STEAM

The chassis of the engine of the Paris–Modane express from which the boiler was torn by the force of the explosion but which itself did not leave the rails

THE MORE FAMILY: A painting of Sir Thomas More and his relations which has been bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery by the late Emslie John Horniman of Burford Priory. The picture is a fine example of the bold and striking portraiture of the sixteenth century. In the left-hand portion of the canvas the unknown artist has borrowed from Holbein's drawings of the Chancellor, whereas in the right-hand section the painting is from life, the group including Thomas More the second, his wife, and two sons. The picture has many times changed hands and was exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery for some years during the nineteenth century

"ENGLAND IS A LITTLE COUNTRY. . . ."

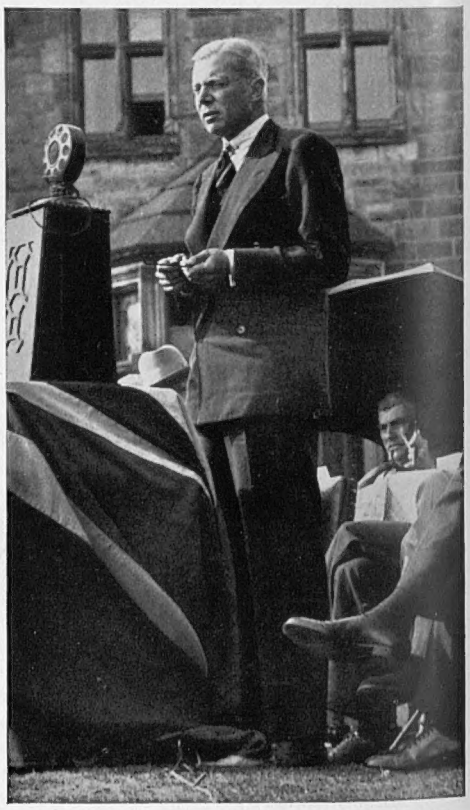
The Story of Maud Mason, Her Patriotic Essay, and what Happened Afterwards

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Maud Mason, who went to school near the big City of Manchester. The great world did not know her name before last week, when the House of Commons became very excited over something which the Conservative Member for Moss Side had just said. Sir Gerald Hurst was his name, and he had just told the House about a little girl who had written a short essay on her native land, in which she had said: "England is a little country, but it is better than any other country. It has a good King and Queen to reign over it," and, according to one account, "and we love them," which, after all, does round off the thing. Sir Gerald said that a visiting inspector, who happened to read Maud's essay, said something to Maud's teacher, which made her think that her way of teaching patriotism was wrong. He had said that Maud's statement was not put so strongly as that nowadays, and then they argued together and the inspector talked of "old-fashioned imperialism" or "isms." Maud's teacher was fussed about it and told other people and the Board of Education in London was written to, but they didn't reply for a long time, so Sir Gerald stood up and put his question in the House, and the members got excited and they didn't feel satisfied with the Minister for Education's reply, so they arranged to talk it all over on Friday in detail.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL ESSAYIST: Maud Mason seen in front of the House of Commons, whither she was conveyed by the *Daily Express*, who had invited her to come to London with her mother and hear the debate on her essay in Parliament

In the meantime, the people of Manchester had not been hearing much about Maud Mason, though she lived so close to them, for the great big newspaper of Manchester hadn't had much room to give to Maud Mason's essay; but anything they didn't say was made up for by the London newspaper which invited Maud and her mother to come to London and hear Maud's essay read in Parliament. But this visit wasn't very successful, for Maud felt queer and strange, looking down on the members from the high gallery, and she never wrote any other essay and she went home and felt quite ill in the train, so that her mother was very bothered about her.

And on Friday the Minister made a statement. He had had a good long talk with the inspector and knew all about it. Again all the members looked very serious, so much so that the *News-Chronicle* correspondent noticed it. He said that for the moment the national sense of humour seemed to have quite disappeared. Perhaps it was after all "a storm in a tea cup." But the Minister went on and he explained how the inspector had not meant to make more than an amused comment, and that his other remarks were meant in a general historical sense. And the Minister pointed out that the inspector had a very good war record—twice wounded he said—and that the teacher was a very good girl with admirable sentiments. "If a child were taught to be proud of its own country it was more likely to become a worthy citizen" said Mr. Stanley, and before he sat down he added "I do not yield to anyone in pride of my country. I want my children to learn of the greatness of our country's past and the greatness of its future. I want the children of others to learn that too, and I resent the imputation that I should pass in silence any attempt to ridicule that pride or shatter their childish ideals," which was a nice fine thing to say and all ended happily for everybody who had come into the little story of Maud Mason and her essay.



THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION: The Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley speaking at a Government fête at Ford Castle, Northumberland. The Minister made a statement in the House last week describing the incident in the Manchester school which had aroused so much interest

THE SCHOOL OF THE SHAH IN ASTARABAD

Where Sons of Nomadic Chiefs are being Trained for Citizenship

YOUTH IN THE SADDLE: One of the pupils at the new school which has been established by the Shah of Persia in the northern garrison town of Astarabad, in order to provide a proper training for the sons of the more important Turkoman chiefs who have lately been compelled to give up their roving life and to settle down and cultivate the soil. The boys are undergoing a nine-year course, and the curriculum includes a very considerable amount of outdoor exercise

BROUGHT INTO LINE: Parading for physical jerks during a break in the morning's work at Astarabad. Until they came here the boys had spent the greater part of their lives in the desert, but they have submitted to the new discipline willingly and appear to thoroughly enjoy their first experience of school

SONS OF THE STEPPE: Typical Turkoman pupils who the Persian Government believes can be turned into good citizens in spite of the fact that their families have for generations back been nomads. While at the school the students wear a white shirt and dark trousers of western cut

IN A SYLVAN SETTING: A view of the cool and shaded garden at the school which has been built on a site personally selected by the Shah of Persia

On Right—THE START OF THE DAY: The boys, watched by one of their masters, filing into the main building where the classrooms are situated

b

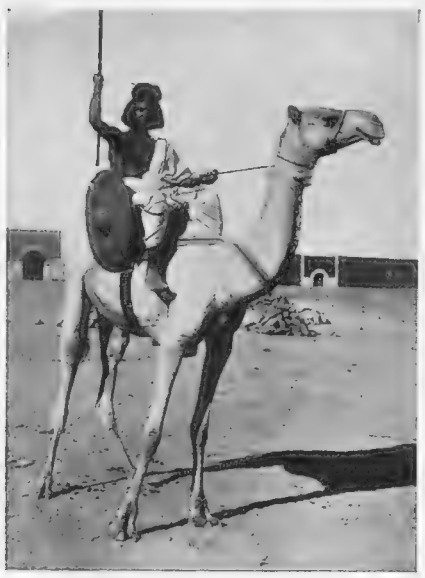
ETHIOPIAN FIGHTING MEN: Cavalry and infantry, some of whom are carrying antiquated types of rifles, dispersing after a parade at Addis Ababa. The man in the foreground has a spear—the weapon which the people handle most skilfully as they start learning how to use it when children

ABYSSINIA'S

A Survey of Haile Selassie's Army as it is To-day and of some of the Problems which the Emperor will have to Face if Called upon to Defend his Country

MUCH has been written in recent months about the Abyssinian army, but as is only to be expected when dealing with a country where official statistics are completely lacking and all sources of information very unreliable at the best, there has been a good deal of rash surmise.

Some "authorities" have stated that the Abyssinians can place in the field a thoroughly competent, modern and well-equipped army of over half-a-million men, trained under Belgian, Japanese, and Swedish officers, and supplied with all modern material, such as tanks, aeroplanes, machine guns and so on. On the other hand, writers have asserted with equal assurance that there is no such thing as an Abyssinian army and that the whole country could scarcely muster 100,000 men, all of them badly-equipped, under-nourished, and armed with obsolete arms.



A WARRIOR OF THE PLAINS: A mounted spearman who has the appearance of being a decidedly formidable foe

The truth is that while it would be impossible to speak of the Abyssinian army from the orthodox point of view, it would be equally rash to under-estimate the defensive and aggressive power of this nation of born warriors.

It is true that Japanese and Belgian officers have for the past two or three years undertaken some sort of modern training of the Abyssinian army, and it is equally true that pictures of native soldiers, crouched behind machine-guns or alongside tanks, have appeared in the press of the world; but anyone who has been in Abyssinia, even recently, realises that these modern soldiers of the Negus can only be seen at Addis Ababa and then in a very small number, more as the personal guard of the Emperor than as representative units of the main army.

Crispi, the Italian statesman who was responsible for the first Italian expedition in Abyssinia which ended so disastrously for him with the defeat at Adowa, used to say, "There is no army in Abyssinia, only a handful of brigands." That Signor Mussolini does not underrate the opposition is shown by the gigantic scale of his preparations, and the transport to Africa of modern weapons which the Abyssinians almost completely lack.

The Negus is nominally the chief of the Abyssinian Army. Next to him comes the First Zitaurari or Chief of Staff and War Minister combined. Then come the various Ras or chiefs of large districts who in their turn control the Dejamacs or provincial chiefs under whose orders are Dejoks or officers in command of a regiment.

Other very important members of the military hierarchy are the four "Himacuas" who in time of peace follow the Emperor wherever he goes and in time of war become his doubles, disguising themselves so as to be taken for him, and inciting the soldiers to battle. Thus the personal appeal of the Emperor can be made simultaneously on four different fronts without danger to the sacred royal person.

The officers, called Bashai, are recruited from the bravest and most faithful of the men. There are several grades of soldiers: those who come from the poorer classes and having no arms of their own are content to be servants in peace-time and to take up arms when the chief orders some military expedition; those who possess arms of their own and become regular soldiers with pay; and those belonging to important families who are called up only in time of war.

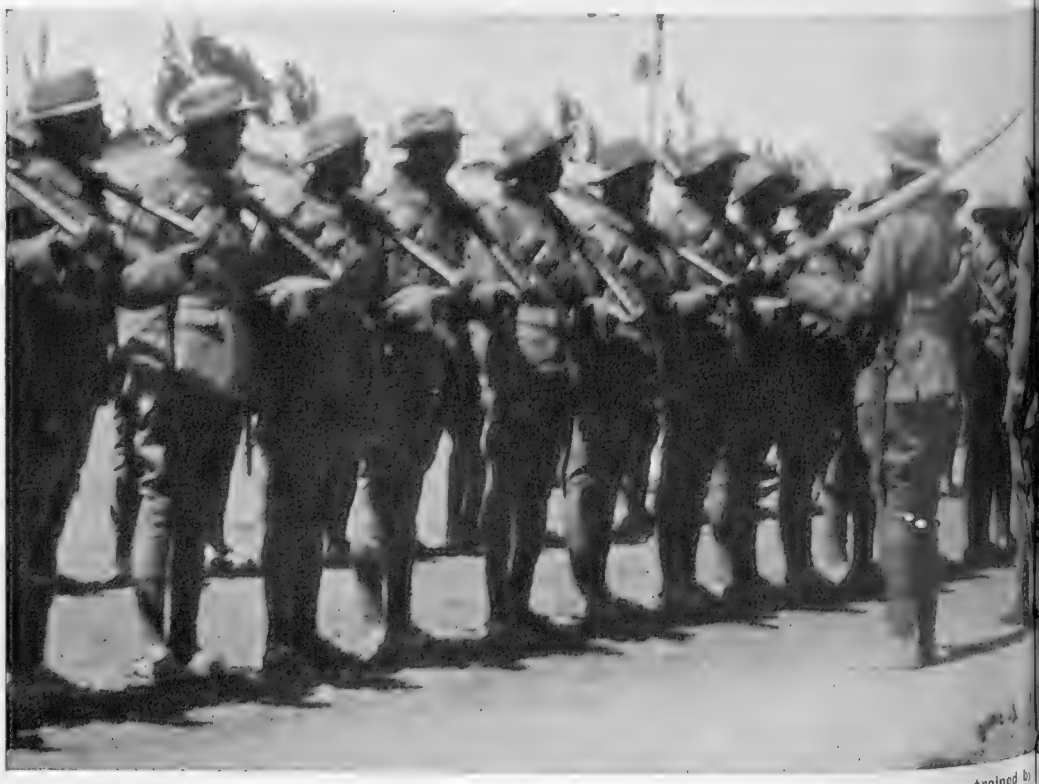
Apart from a large number of rifles, many of them out-of-date, the Abyssinians have a small number of machine-guns, a few hundred field guns, a dozen aeroplanes—only four of which are likely to be effective fighting machines—and a few tanks, provided by the Japanese.

There are, of course, no arms or munition factories of any kind in the country excepting a small cartridge factory at Addis Ababa; so that unless imports are intensified and maintained the Abyssinians might soon find themselves short of ammunition and might have to fall back on their ancient and favourite form of attack and defence—the spear.

But even that would not demoralise the Emperor's men, for if organisation and unity of command are lacking and arms obsolete and deficient, the enthusiasm and endurance of the men are great. The Abyssinian is a born warrior who despises death, believes in war as the only honourable work for a man to accomplish, and who regards hand-to-hand fighting much in the way that the Englishman regards football or racing. The Abyssinian soldier is sober and strong and his scorn of danger is only equalled by his unlimited pride in himself, his vanity, his ignorance, his fanaticism, and his inborn hatred of the foreigner. Guerilla warfare, ambushes, sniping, and decoys are the favourite tactics of the black army, which prefers destruction to surrender or captivity.

In one of his proclamations a few weeks before the great battle of Adowa the late Emperor Menelik thus addressed his soldiers: "Never during our

A RED-LETTER DAY IN ABYSSINIAN HISTORY: The Emperor Haile Selassie holding a recep tion in an aeroplane hangar when he opened the aerodrome at Addis Ababa in 1930. The Air Force now consists of about twelve 'planes



THE EMPEROR'S GUARDS: The well-drilled and modernly equipped body of men which has been trained by described as "The spearhead of the Ethiopian army." They represent only a very sma

ARMED FORCES

By Ronald de Laudier

great past battles has an Abyssinian harpa (spear) looked backwards. Harpas are turned towards the enemy, and they never turn back unless the bearer is dead. Be ready to give up your life sooner than your homes; be ready to stop with your bodies the path of the enemy."

A similar declaration will no doubt be made by the present Emperor if war breaks out and the men will reply, "Victory or death," and with that cry on their lips they will go into battle.

The men will not face the enemy alone. In an army like that of Abyssinia, where modern organisation is non-existent, the question of feeding the men in the front line is exceedingly difficult. Incredible as it may seem, each soldier has to provide his own food, so that to a large extent women follow their husbands, carrying with them all sorts of provisions to last for a couple of months. Not only do they provide the food, but they carry cartridges for the men, and when a battle has been fought they advance into the lines to bring back the wounded and collect the dead.

Examples of heroines who gave up their lives to rescue a wounded soldier or collect the body of one of their menfolk are not lacking in Abyssinia. Women's bodies have been found on the field after a severe battle and in many instances women have followed their husbands into captivity and become slaves rather than find safety in flight.

In a recent message sent to the European Press the present Empress, Menon, indicated that she and all Abyssinian women were ready to renew the old traditions of the country if war breaks out and to accompany their husbands and sons to the battlefield and nurse the wounded. This means that under the ravaging conditions of modern warfare, thousands will die on the battlefield, unknown and quickly-forgotten heroines, whose names will find a place in no roll of honour.

IN CEREMONIAL GARB: Two gorgeously-clad District Rulers pictured during military manœuvres held on the outskirts of Addis Ababa. They are both carrying rifles

Although the present Emperor, Haile Selassie, is acknowledged as one of the greatest generals of the country it is doubtful whether he is really popular with the army and whether he feels as safe on the throne as his predecessor Menelik was when he fought and conquered the Italians at Adowa.

Rumours have been afloat for some time that the young son of Menelik, a lad of eighteen, has a strong body of sympathy in the army and that he might at any moment seize power if a quick victory could establish his personal prestige.

Another ugly rumour in Addis Ababa is to the effect that the Emperor has poisoned the deposed Emperor, Ligg Jasu, for fear of a sudden *coup d'état* which would bring him back to the throne.

However exaggerated these rumours may be, there is no doubt that the centuries-old fights among the different chiefs for the conquest of Imperial power are very far from dormant. Whether the serious threat from Italy will prove a sufficiently strong link to bind together so many different races, religions and above all, so many different personal ambitions, it is impossible to forecast with safety.

As an impartial observer, one is bound to acknowledge that internal dissensions have proved the fall of past races and been a valuable ally to the invader.

Belgian, Japanese, and Swedish officers and has been percentage of the country's armed forces

Reproduced from the film "Abyssinia."

MODERN ARMS IN A PRIMITIVE LAND: Men of the Emperor's guards practising with machine-guns recently imported into the country in large quantities from either Germany or Czechoslovakia

EUROPE'S MADDEST RACE

The Amazing Cycling Marathon which for Nearly a Month Every Year Engages the Attention of all France

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ONCE again there has been run, done, and won what must assuredly be the oddest athletic contest on the grand scale yet surviving. It is called the Tour de France and takes the form of a cycle race round that country, yet such is only the beginning of things. Rather do events crystallise as The Caravan Amazing: a strung-out human circus numbering some 800 awheel, open-exhausting, klaxoning, accelerating its way in a score of hops round the land; and occasionally a competitor, or a cluster of them, to be caught sight of among the petrol-driven race followers ranging from special correspondents (and fancy ones), broadcasters, newsreel and cameramen, masseurs, managers and officials, to publicity bellowers, beauty queens and anybody else out for the limelight, political haranguers, ambulance personnel and plain Tour-mad fans.

The fair fields of France have witnessed much, but never anything remotely akin to the foregoing. Monstrous cavalcade, exuding, shrieking Paris; dumping itself down each night in a different *pays*, in the name of sport. One defies even America to produce anything more roaring and blaring in the publicity line than is achieved daily for nearly a month by this 25 m.p.h. rolling kermesse. It is as if one tugged one whole stretch of the hectic boulevards round the country, over Alps and Pyrenees,

TITANS OF THE ROAD: Spectators cheering on the cyclists as they pass through a village on the Nantes-Caen section of the route

through serene Savoy and burning Languedoc, over the Breton Landes, so *morne et triste*, down endless, straight Napoleonic roads bordered by *platanes*.

The Tour de France acts as a shot of dope, with peasant and provincial, for nearly 3,000 miles. It is the last popular festival, free and spontaneous, of contemporary France. If tilted on the plebeian side in point of appeal, I do not believe any social layer remains really uninterested. No greater cheer rose recently than from massed bronzed beauties at Cannes, who thereby gave the lie to their somewhat superior gallants. For women, this race of taut, strained athletes, some of them so fine-looking, has special appeal. It gives such a thrill to see them battling along against heat and fatigue, modern gladiators with features often set in grievous distress. Quite a number bandaged, too, from falls and collisions and faintings. In fact they are now calling it "The Corrida of the Route," since death stepped in.

One man, one truly grim dictator, sallow and grey and lined and alone, sat back in a limousine and watched all this as it rolled round the country throughout July, sat back as he had done these twenty-nine years without a break, ordering, decreeing, admonishing, judging, penalising, actually remoulding the race regulations from day to day.

There is genuine fear of Monsieur Henri Desgranges, director and owner of *l'Auto* and proprietor of the Tour de France which he invented. He never allows anybody with him, and he shoots up and down the long line of the race, sometimes serpentining out full 20 miles, on the look-out for the slightest infringement of the rules, his rules. This year the Hawk provoked outcry on account of the exceptional casualties supervening, one dead, one beyond saving, several gravely injured. The Hawk admits that each year he departs to a fresh and joyous war against his entrants, who must be kept under the lash or they will slacken and dodge and arrange to go slow; yet it was not the effect of his rules that roused public opinion as much as the lapsing of all order and organisation, not to say of common decency, among the whirling accompanying Petrol Expeditionary Force, the hyper-super publicity-shrieking cohort, doing what it liked on the road, and pity the competitor who got in the way.

Dust, fumes, mud, mudguards, shock-absorbers, the racers, alias "the giants of the road," got them all. And not only so, but copious abuse into the bargain, by way of encouragement, did they show any signs of quitting. For this race *had to be reported*, in divers ways, and let nobody forget that! Pictorially, on the movietone, by radio, on the front page, the Tour had grown into the plum of the year, and the tyranny practised by those reporting it mounted accordingly. In fact, in every way, the Tour had become *une belle affaire* commercially.

Yet, if I tend to draw a picture of the competitors as a collection of poor slave-driven mortals, having to put up with great harshness in search of their daily bread, that is not so, either: among the fraternity are to be found some of the toughest guys in professional sport.

Howbeit, all France, Italy, Belgium, and much of Germany and Spain, hung on this race last month—and when one says "all" one means a vast section, not just the sporting world. I have passed through the Tour more than once, have beheld it electrify the mountain hamlet as it no less enfevered the town where it camped the same night: everything and everybody in a flutter of excitement, the cafés packed, orchestras fiddling away, a non-stop performance given by the circus itself, of eternal *va-et-vient*, speeches, receptions, arguments. Arguments! All Gallic records have long belonged to the Tour. If 250,000 words were latterly sent out each night by special line to the Paris, Rome, Brussels press, and offshoots, 100,000,000 words must have been cascaded, shouted on the spot.

How has England kept out of such a contest, especially since the advent of the new cycling vogue, scorching head down? Well, the Tour has its peculiarities. Three Australians once entered, but never again. But bless us, that was back in 1928. They should come back now and see how things have "marched" since, should those Aussies . . .

The excessively complicated rules are devised, among other things, (a) to earn the most money for all concerned; (b) to enhance the circulation of *l'Auto* vis-à-vis other newspapers; (c) to keep the competitors hard at it, interest to be sustained by intermittent stunts, and to prevent their cheating; (d) to ensure the predominance of the national team over any solo pedallers daring to challenge; (e) to satisfy constructors of the chief makes of cycle; (f) to enable the greatest volume of publicity ballyhoo to be put over. Intricacy upon intricacy is introduced in the regulations which may be compressed as follows:—

Distance, 2,700 miles, to be covered in twenty-one days' pedalling, with four rest days after the most gruelling climbing. General course: Paris–Lille–Metz–Belfort–Evian–Grenoble–Nice–Montpellier–Perpignan–Pau–Bordeaux–Rennes–Caen–Paris. Shortest day's run, 60 miles, longest, just under 200. Three categories of contestants: the aces, grouped in national teams of eight men each, and representing (this year) France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Spain; the individualists, consisting of four men per country, and from whose ranks substitutes may be taken for defaulting aces; tourist-routiers, small fry, and more or less amateur hangers-on compared with the first two.

The race is conducted under two classifications, one contest between the men themselves and a second between the national teams. The official prize money amounts to about £3,000. Competitors from each nation pay their winnings into a common fund and divide the total at the end according to a schedule agreed upon before starting. Thus the leader of a national string will draw considerably more than one who had acted merely as pacemaker or "helper." But the official rewards are far outstripped by over £13,000, distributed in what are known as *primes*, offered by every manner of concern from margarine makers to cigarette and cap manufacturers. Here at, say, Belfort, there will be a special prize of £200 for the first who got over the Ballon d'Alsace; again, at Nice, a similar

TRAGEDY ON THE HIGHWAY: A competitor in the Tour de France, the most gruelling of all cycling races, has a nasty fall after colliding with a stationary lorry. This hectic contest continues for about twenty-seven days, during which the eighty or more riders who take part cover about 2,700 miles of country, sometimes having to cross mountain ranges, and alternately having to endure extremes of heat and cold

sum awaits the victor in a sprint. Ginger, ginger, all the time.

Of the *primes*, M. Desgranges takes one third, as he also has a clause by which all bicycles revert to him after the race, for selling at £7 apiece. There were eighty-three machines this time, meaning a further £600 for Monsieur D. It all helps. Besides, Monsieur D. will tell you that the organisation costs £150 a day, when all the competitors and the sixty members of the official party, trainers, etc., have been housed and paid for. This year the bill mounted owing to the presence of eleven musicians and Miss Paris, with Great Dane. "The little rolling village," says the Hawk, "cost me altogether £8,000, Paris back to Paris."

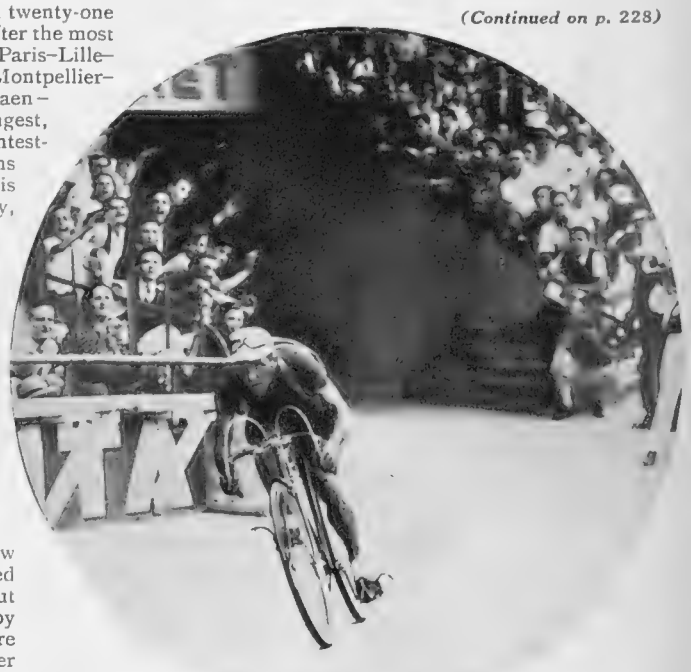
The little rolling village in return yields infinitely more than that, in devious and tortuous ways, while it means gala occasions and gala takings wherever it halts. When towns don't come up to scratch in the way of hospitality or "correctness," the Hawk just crosses them out of the itinerary for the ensuing year; and then how sorry they are for themselves. Pontarlier and Bayonne were being skirted in 1935. But it is perhaps time we took place by the roadside and watched this show whizz by—

"*Le Tour arrive!*"

Someone working in a field has shouted the tidings towards the village, and immediately figures young and old dart out. Are they not going to see a piece of mythological Paris pass by their doorsteps, free, gratis?

For the next half-hour what they see and hear is a truly appalling cavalcade of sixty or seventy thundering lorries, each fitted out to represent such and such a soap or apértif or beauty aid, each replete with announcer bellowing this theme song over the rural serenity. This year the lorries, which can be sheer gold to the Hawk, even went political. The communist *Humanité* decorated a lorry and sent it forth with instructions not to cease playing the *Internationale* from one end of the country to the other. Moreover, when the Prefect of somewhere

(Continued on p. 228)



THE HERO OF THE HOUR: Romain Maës, the Flemish champion, entering the Parc des Princes in Paris, where he passed the winning post first at the end of the Tour de France

THE PUFFIN ISLANDS

An Ornithologist's Paradise a Few Miles off the North-Western Coast of Norway

IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN: A delightful picture taken by Dr. Hugo Adolf Bernatzik, of Vienna, during a visit to some uninhabited and rocky islands to the north of Tromso where he discovered and photographed dense colonies of sea birds including hosts of puffins

TAKING-OFF: Puffins flying from the cliffs of one of the Norwegian islands where they had built their nests. Dr. Bernatzik has caught the decidedly comical expression of these whimsical birds, especially in the picture given below

PUFFINS AND COMMON AUKS CONGREGATED ON THE CLIFFS: Although the first-named species still exists in enormous numbers, it is feared that it may die out in this part of Norway as the fishermen come to the islands during the breeding season and not only rob each nest of its solitary egg but kill the parent birds, as they can get high prices for them. The Norwegian Government has attempted to prevent this slaughter, but so far has met with only moderate success

A FINE SPECIMEN: A puffin dries its wet feathers in the sun, and in so doing reveals its magnificent wingspread. The plumage is of a glossy black above—the cheeks grey, encircled by a black band—and pure white beneath. The feet are of a bright reddish orange, and the strange-looking bills are blue, yellow, and red

This puffin perched on a high rock appears to be making a speech to its two companions below

A ROCKY PULPIT

LONELY ST. KILDA:

The Island bought by the Earl of Dumfries and converted into a Bird Sanctuary

LYING FAR OUT IN THE ATLANTIC the island of St. Kilda is seventy miles from the fringes of the Hebrides. Above are the deserted hillsides, leading down to the bay, once a busy colony of natives, as is shown by the houses around the bays and their neighbouring "cleats," where the islanders formerly stored peat, their only fuel. In this picture the bay appears calm and unruffled, but lately it has been almost a whirlpool, with fierce waves breaking against the shores

OLD INHABITANTS revisiting St. Kilda in the motor boat provided by the Earl of Dumfries to connect the main isle of Hirta with the two outlying islands. The party was led by Mr. A. G. Ferguson, a veteran St. Kildan, and was conveyed from the mainland, together with the Earl and his two friends, by S.S. *Hebrides*. The visitors were lodged at the manse, and in one other house on the island

"SHOOTING" THE WILD LIFE OF ST. KILDA: Mr. Niall Rankine, a well-known photographer, who has made 5,000 ft. of film which deals mostly with the wild birds of the island, but includes some glimpses of the weaving of the King's tweed. His work forced him to launch on the roughest seas for years. In the background is the manse, where the Earl and his party stayed

The St. Kildans Visit their Old Home

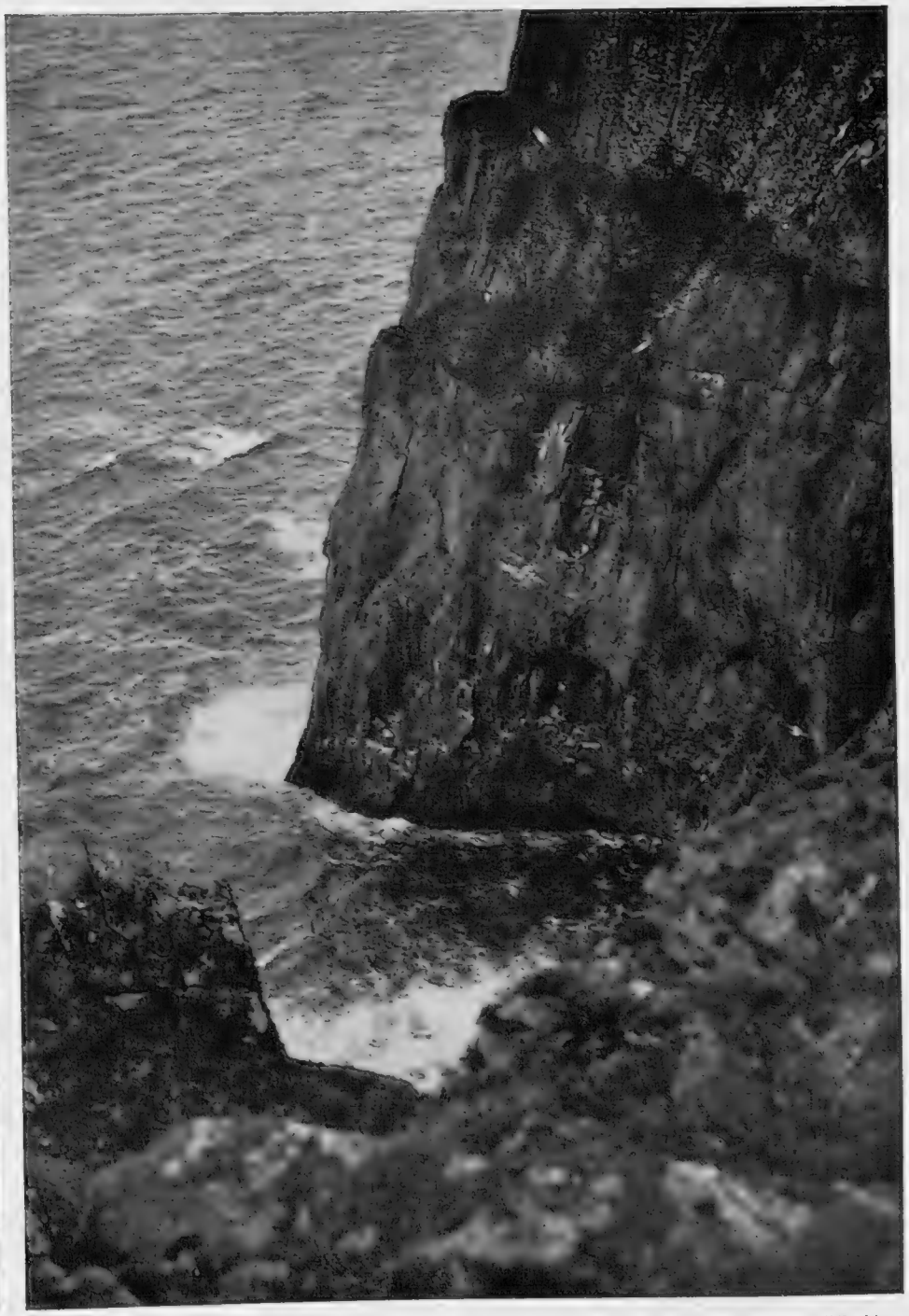
WHEN the island of St. Kilda was evacuated in 1930 and the natives transferred to the mainland, it was bought by the Earl of Dumfries to be made into a bird sanctuary. Recently the Earl and a party of St. Kildans stayed on the island for the purpose of studying, ringing, and filming wild birds, while a special tweed was woven from the wool of the island sheep, under the direction of Mrs. Ghillies, the uncrowned queen of St. Kilda: it will be presented to H.M. The King as a Jubilee gift. Some of the party are to remain on the island until the end of August, after which the island will again be desolate until the Earl of Dumfries visits his bird sanctuary next summer. St. Kilda consists of Hirta, the main isle, Bororeagh Soa, where the wild sheep graze, and a grim cliff called Stack Lee. During the Earl's stay on St. Kilda there have been the worst storms for over forty years, besides a small excitement in the shape of an explosion caused by gelignite left over from ancient blasting operations. No one was hurt, although the church and manse were damaged

LANDING THE STORES: A group of owner of the island, Sir George

A GRAPHIC account of the storms which lasted during the greater part of the island's occupation this summer was given to the "Sphere" by one of the natives on his return a few days ago. "We are accustomed

TWO BARREN ROCKS where only birds can find a home : Bororeagh and Stack Lee, the two smaller islands, seen from the rocks of Hirta. They stand 1,300 ft. above the water. *Below on right*—A striking cliff scene

visitors at the boat shed above the jetty, which includes the Earl of Dumfries, Macpherson Grant Nelson of Achnacloich. *Be ow*—St. Kilda graveyard



he said, "to the sound of the Atlantic rollers breaking on the rocks round the island, because it is the only sound we can hear, apart from the screeching of the birds. But this year, when the weather was wilder than it has been for forty years, our ears resounded to the thunder of the waves as they dashed themselves on the rocks near the village on Hirta, and as they licked greedily the cliffs behind us. Out at Bororeagh, the grim island which stands like a sentinel in the Atlantic guarding the approach to the main island, tumultuous seas leapt hundreds of feet high against the grey cliff sides. Stack Lee, the 1,300 ft. high rock which stands bare and barren next to Bororeagh, had spume and spray flicking ledges which normally were safe from the waters. It was one of the most awe-inspiring experiences of my life."

THE ALPS IN HIG

AMID THE ETERNAL SNOWS: *Left*—Two mounta
Pontresina which provides one of the most fatiguing
during an ascent of Piz Tschierva. Note the mist ri

On left—A GLISTENING FAIRYLAND: Mountaineers securely roped together when crossing difficult terrain near the Italian and Swiss frontier

GH SUMMER: *A New Series of Pictures Showing Climbers in Action*

taineers making their way along a ridge on Piz Tschierva, an 11,713 ft. peak near ng but interesting climbs in this part of Switzerland. *Above*—Another picture taken rising in the background—always a danger to the climber. (*Pictures by Meerkamper*)

After the ardours of the ascent the climber pauses for a short rest

THE SUMMIT OF ACHIEVEMENT

Cutting a staircase in the ice when negotiating a ridge on Piz Tschierva

STEP BY STEP

The leader of the party prods the snow with his ice axe to ascertain where the crevasse continues beneath the snow

FESTINA LENTE

G.B

The Present Popularity of the Motoring Holiday on the Continent, which During the Past Few Weeks has Led to an Unprecedented Rush Across the Channel

By CHARLES GRAVES

THANKS to a number of causes, the chief of which is probably Lord Trenchard's edict about enforcing more stringently the 30 m.p.h. limit in built-up areas, motor car travelling on the Continent this summer is more popular than it has ever been since the invention of the internal combustion engine. It is thirty per cent. above last year's new high record, which in turn was higher than the previous peak point in 1929. Not even the foreign exchanges make any difference to the situation. At the present moment if you want to take your car across the Channel by either of the short sea routes, you need to book your accommodation at least ten days ahead. Even then you will probably have to go on a night boat.

The terrific rush at the moment is said to be further accentuated by the Jubilee Season. Many motorists who would normally have gone abroad earlier, waited until the bitter-sweet end before starting off abroad. The third reason is a psychological one. Until recently the general mass of motorists found it sufficient adventure to own and drive their own motor car, whether new or second-hand. By now they are thirsting for new pastures. It is no longer sufficiently adventurous to spend their motoring holidays in Great Britain. Above all they want to see what "the old bus" can do. Autostradas are being built all over the Continent. Germany is spending hundreds of thousands of pounds on magnificent new roads. Italy is continuing its pioneer experiment in this way. Even Turkey is doing something about it. In Spain and Portugal the roads are improving daily.

This autumn sees the last section of Hungary's great through-road completed when, by the opening of Kecskemet–Szeged, a 53-mile stretch, it will be possible to motor right across the country from Austrian to Yugoslav frontiers via Budapest on a modern highway. This is the Hungarian contribution to the scheme for a great trans-continental route between London and Istanbul, and A.A. officials have just carried out a survey, for which the Hungarian authorities arranged special access to the section under reconstruction.

Another important link is the new Gross Glockner highway, connecting Tyrol with Lower Austria, and opened on August 3. A magnificent engineering feat; it reaches an altitude of 8,439 ft., yet presents no gradient exceeding 1 in 8½.

Italy and Switzerland have co-operated in the construction of a much-wanted road between Como and Lugano. The Italian section—13 miles in length—is already available, and the remaining four very difficult miles on the Swiss side will be ready in October.

Farther afield, developments are speedily being achieved, amongst which may be mentioned the newly finished road from Ismailia down past the Bitter Lakes to Suez—fifty-nine miles of modern highway which, in conjunction with the Canal side section between Port Said and Ismailia, offers direct access to Sinai and Jerusalem.

There are hopes that the Col d'Iseran will be opened in 1936. Already it is possible to reach Nunes Sarrazine, beyond Bonneval, on the southern side and Le Fornet on the Val d'Isere northern approach. When this important touring road is cut through, it will complete the celebrated Route d'Eté des Alpes, technically known as R.N.202, stretching from the Riviera to Lake Leman and keeping in France the whole way.

Every country on the Continent is welcoming British motorists. They are promised a hearty reception. In Germany this welcome is made more practical by the ability of visitors to use the internal coinage, which gives a far better exchange in comparison with English money. It is, in fact, Germany and Austria which head the list of popularity among foreign countries, with Italy and Switzerland next, and Spain some distance down—probably owing to the publicity attached to Captain Kane's arrest and imprisonment. It is believed that this unfortunate incident will have cost Spanish hotels, garages, and petrol stations many thousands of pounds.

At the present minute there must be something like 16,000 English motor cars touring the Continent from Poland to Gibraltar. The average tour is three weeks in duration. If you work out petrol at the rate of half-a-crown a gallon, and the average tour at something over 2,000 miles, you will find that the petrol bill alone will amount to something considerable. This is apart, evidently, from the various hotel bills which will have to be met every night.

For the benefit of those of you who have not yet started, and are going to spend your holidays in a car abroad, here are a few tips collated by experts, including officials of the A.A. If you are going in a party of two or three cars, travel at least half-a-mile apart, especially if you are visiting Yugoslavia or Bulgaria, where you will find fine sporting motoring, but possibly rough and dusty roads. In Germany it does not matter very much whether or not you can speak the language. At most halts you will find people who speak English, even in rural Bavaria.

If you visit the Balkans, remember that the native nods if he means no, and vice versa. So if a man shakes his head and points his finger at the road you intended to take, do not be disappointed.

You will find a great improvement in the road houses. Except in parts of Turkey, insecticides are no longer necessary. At this time of year it is possibly advisable to take an open car if you are travelling through Central Europe. You will find it a godsend. Even with a sunshine roof you can be uncomfortably warm in a closed car. People who have done it before are inclined to take twill shorts and shirts in which to motor. Personally, I am taking a couple of Palm Beach suits which I bought ready made, and fitting me exactly, for two guineas apiece at one of our leading stores. A small medicine chest is no bad thing to take. Certainly anyone who is inclined to be liverish had better take fruit salts. Remember also that one's feet are inclined to swell in hot countries, particularly if one has a foot on the accelerator or brake continuously. So suède shoes slightly on the large side are a good idea. In any event, put on one side all that you consider necessary in the way of luggage, and then take half of it. Many a tour has been spoilt by excess of paraphernalia.

Owing to financial restrictions in certain parts of Europe, it is advisable, particularly in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, to declare the amount of local money you have in your possession at the Customs as you enter the country. You will be given a receipt for it. Then there will be no question of being held up on the other frontier on your departure. Great precautions are being taken, you must understand, to prevent the export of the local currency. In Spain it is not a bad plan to get your hotel to make you up a luncheon basket. You cannot always be sure that you will find a suitable stopping place for the mid-day meal. To revert to the subject of Customs, it is well worth declaring anything dutiable, particularly cameras, if you propose to have a photographic souvenir of your trip, before you leave England. What you want is a "temporary exportation certificate." This will save trouble on your return. It is worth doing the same with silk underclothes and the like.

If you are visiting Germany, remember that you do not have to raise your arm, Hitler fashion, when addressing people, but if you do so they are very pleased, particularly if they are officials. Whatever you do, though, do not snigger when making the gesture.

An excellent tip for those of you who are travelling in France, or through France, is to become a member of the Club sans Club. All you have to do is to buy a copy of a book of this name. It costs, I fancy, 85 francs. By its purchase you automatically become a member of the "Club." It is a most valuable volume, giving without fear or favour the names of all the best inns, restaurants, hotel-restaurants, and taverns in France. It specifies the speciality of the house, the proprietor's name, and the best wines to drink. The editors of this publication do not accept any payment from the places they mention, and so their advice is absolutely unbiased. Each year the volume is rigorously brought up to date; new places are brought in, others are thrown out. As it is estimated that inclusion in the book means an extra 5,000 visits from motorists a year, you can well understand the effect you produce on entering one of the restaurants named in the book. As an experiment, enter one without showing the book. You will secure the usual mildly-polite attention. Then place the book on the table. At once the waiters and the proprietor himself will come swimming towards you. They know that as a member of the club you are likely to write to the editors of the Club sans Club to say whether or not you enjoyed your meal, and your verdict may cost them thousands. It is a pity that other countries have not the same system.

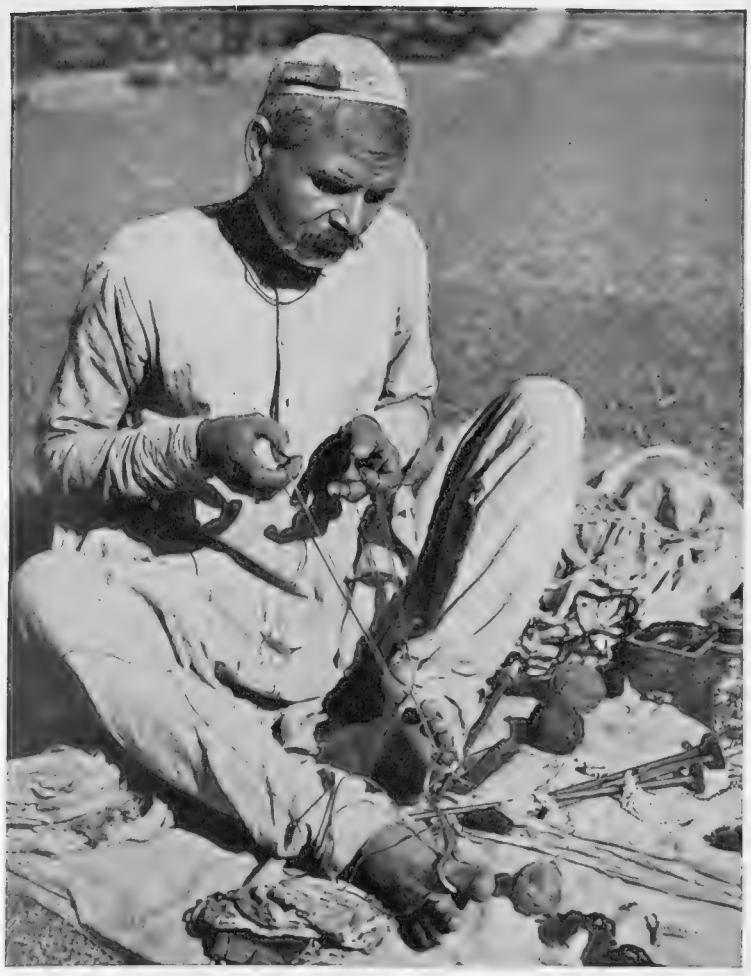
The most popular tour of all this year is by way of the Rhine, Black Forest, Bavarian Alps, to Salzburg, returning by the Arlberg Pass. From what the A.A. tell me the number of G.B. number-plates will almost make you dizzy on this route. The Dolomites and the Italian Lakes form the second most popular tour. Another is by way of Barcelona to the pretty little bathing villages of Sitges, Tossa, and S'Agaro. There are still many queries about tours to the battlefields, but it is well known that there is so little to see that these are decreasing rapidly. On the other hand, many enquiries are still made about a tour of the cemeteries.

Gourmets ask the Foreign Department of the A.A. for a tour to cover the various wine centres. The more sedate ask for a tour to cover the cathedrals of France, not realising that there are thirty-four of them. The golf courses of France and Germany are also a matter of continuous enquiry. The longest tour arranged by the A.A. is one of 15,000 miles in Europe. The others include a route for a motor-bicycle and sidecar to Cape Town; and another from Aden to Port Said and then all along the North African coast to Gibraltar and thence home through Spain and France.

Scandinavia is attracting one motorist out of every five who is going abroad this summer. Norway in particular is booming, though the roads are not so good as they are in Denmark, where, however, the scenery is rather pastoral. In Norway many of the routes are loose, narrow, and mountainous, with several gradients. In addition, several of them are periodical one-way routes. That is to say, one stretch of road will be open to east-bound traffic from ten to twelve o'clock, and will then be open only to west-bound traffic from noon to two p.m. Not many people seem to be going to Holland except as a jumping-off ground for Germany.

IN SEARCH OF PASTURES NEW: A car about to be hoisted aboard a steamer for shipment to the Continent for a motoring tour

Fingers and Toes in India



PIG-TAIL PLAITING: By a skilful combination of fingers and toes strands of coloured wools are interwoven to form decorations for the native women's hair. In work of this kind the foot is as much in evidence as the hand, and is often used for domestic work, such as cleaning clay vessels

PRIMITIVE WOOD-TURNING, the "turning-tool" being held rigidly between the toes while the wood is turned by a stick-and-string arrangement in the left hand. Where we in England use a special grip or vice the Indian carpenter invariably uses his feet

THE SHAVING-BRUSH INDUSTRY: Here the foot is a great help in the preliminary stage, the packing of the bristles, when the cord is wound once or twice round the instep to "tension" it. In India the phrase "hand-made" is scarcely adequate as a description of these homecrafts

"SPARE THE BACK" is the motto of the Indian workman, whose favourite method of picking things up is with the toes, as shown above, the bobbin being recovered by a mere bending of the knee. Such dexterity and deftness of the toes is developed through frequent use that the Indian native can almost boast of two pairs of hands at his disposal

HAIR-BRUSHES, TOO, are made by native fingers and toes, the frame being held steady by the foot, while the bristles and wire are rapidly threaded through the holes by hand. Similarly the frame is gripped by the toes while the first stage, the trimming of the wood, is carried on by hand

A YOUNG PUPIL, anxious to learn the art of "chick" making—which in India has become quite an industry. The "chick" is manufactured of strips of bamboo in the style of the Venetian blind, and is used to keep out the sun and insects from the bungalows in hot weather. The natives work with amazing speed at the threading and binding of these mats

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A. E. W. Mason's Biography of Sir George Alexander, the Great Actor-Manager : Terrorism, Murder, and Sabotage, in Stoyan Christowe's "Heroes and Assassins"

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THRILLER WRITER, AND HUMORIST: Sydney Horler, whose latest book, *More Strictly Personal*, is to be published this month by Messrs. Rich and Cowan, and is a continuation of his reminiscences which appeared last year under the title of *Strictly Personal*

A STORY OF MODERN GREECE: Margery Lawrence whose new novel *The Crooked Smile* has just been issued by Messrs Jarrolds and is reviewed on this page. Her descriptive writing is excellent and she gives a vivid impression of every-day life in Athens

IF a novelist and dramatist should turn biographer it is fit and proper that the subject should be one about whom he has the special knowledge of friendship and mutual interest. Mr. A. E. W. Mason has written a timely (and certainly overdue) biography which he calls SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AND THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.).

Gone are the days of the great actor-managers, when the theatre was dominated by the Kendals, the Hares, the Bancrofts, and when Irving strode the boards of the Lyceum upon no other terms than his own. When, on a spring day in 1918, George Alexander died at an age which is now called the prime of life, there closed a chapter in the history of the theatre, and it is not only the theatre that is poorer for the passing of men like him.

"It is difficult," says Mr. Mason, "for a younger generation to understand the winds of acrimony which beat about the head of an actor-manager in the '90s, and they were not blown up by a bellows. They rose from a genuine passion. The theatre held a more important place then in the cultural life of the nation than it does to-day. Criticism was more subtle. Nowadays, at a dinner party, you are more likely to hear the new film discussed than the new play. Then the platinum blonde had not bleached and plastered her locks; dogs were not yet horses, and the great war lay hidden in the mists of the future. The play was the excitement and the relaxation. Now it is one of many."

And about nobody's head did those winds of acrimony blow more steadily than about that of George Alexander; and all London flocked to the St. James's to what would now be called a Wilde or a Pinero "world première."

Here then is a subject, rich in romantic nostalgics, as colourful as the life of a great actor must be, written not only by a practised pen, but by a man with a deep knowledge and a passion for the theatre.

I never saw George Alexander, but I can thank Mr. Mason for making me wish I had; and perhaps add the little sigh of at least one member of a cinema-fed generation at the passing of an age of good talk, when "Bridge had not gagged the wits and the bores with an indiscriminate hand."

The next book on my list, as the title indicates, is concerned with violence, terrorism, murder, and sabotage. HEROES AND ASSASSINS by Stoyan Christowe (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a story born in that cauldron of racial hatreds and feuds, the Balkans.

Before the great war which changed the map of Europe and gave "self-determination" to certain oppressed peoples there was a Macedonian problem. At Versailles they created no State of Macedonia; the lack of it is even a greater problem in the Near East to-day. Because of it a king was recently murdered at Marseilles, dynamite outrages have occurred at Salonica, the French liner *Guadalquivir* was sabotaged, and an all too great number of men have been murdered with all the cold-blooded callousness of gangster-dom at its worst.

This is the work of "Imro," the Macedonian terrorist organisation, the story of which the author tells from the inside. As a brother Macedonian he visits the Comitadjis in their mountain fastnesses, upon their guerilla patrols, and in their secret meeting places in the towns. He reveals them to be a truly fearsome organisation imbued with an intense and fanatical nationalism; no mere gangsters but terrorists driven to such desperate measures by the desperation of their cause.

"Imro" has a fearful and bloody record, and this book should do much to reveal a state of affairs of which few people in this country can have any conception.

It is pleasant to return to England's green and pleasant land with so voluble and delightful an enthusiast as Mr. S. P. B. Mais. ENGLAND'S PLEASANCE (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is one of that kind of book which strikes a chord of recollection and pleasure in all of us. Some of us may regret that the author, in his peregrinations never had to do with a kettle of fish in a Cornish cove, nor roamed the dales which the Brontës knew so well, and some men of Kent may find grim satisfaction that "grey skies and incessant downpours" should be the "common lot" of a Sussex simpleton who apparently never heard of the Cinque ports nor of the glories of Canterbury.

But this is unfair: the marvel is that Mr. Mais has left out so little, seen so much, taken such charming pictures, and is able, in the space of 290 pages, to delight us with so much of England.

In the course of a short review it is not easy to do justice to Mr. Berry Fleming's SIESTA (Constable, 7s. 6d.). It is written in an episodic style—the Grand Hotel manner—in which totally unrelated people are drawn for a time into the same pattern of life.

In this instance the background, or the excuse for the characters, is a small town on the borders of Georgia and Alabama. *Siesta* is, if only in tradition, an essentially American novel. It is also very good, and refreshing too, if only for the way in which, time after time, the inevitable fails to happen.

To give point to each successive phase in the development the author uses a selection of headlines from the local newspaper, much as the authors of the 'eighties were helped by illustrations. This is a jolting, but effective trick, and it was invented, I think, by John dos Passos, whose technique is anything but conventional.

The limitations of a small southern town are even more effective as a means of drawing people together, than the stone and steel boundaries of a cosmopolitan hotel. It is not just the matter of meeting day after day at the one club the community possesses, it is the brief contacts with what seem at first to be insignificant characters; the garage man, the notorious old negress, the golf champion, that result in a closely woven fabric.

Each character is introduced in a minor key, as Mr. Fleming's showmanship dictates. Each little event acts as a spring-board to a more important and often more startling one. There is no slap-dash, cart-before-the-horse, thrill-in-the-first-line about this method. The small but competent horse draws each cart surely and deliberately to its destination, and the story's logical end.

It is just possible that young men in the Merchant service have such instantaneous success with young women; it may even be all in the angle of the cap. Certainly Mr. Tom Cory was popular, and possibly an efficient wireless operator into the bargain, for all his "shining copper hair, and thick-lashed grey eyes."

NOR HELM NOR COMPASS (Harrap. 7s. 6d.) has its fair share of sentimentality, but only in a healthy degree, and Miss Snowdon Blake has a competent way of dealing with her story, producing storms at sea and other phenomena, as neatly as rabbits from conjurers' hats.

"It was Lili's hair, her exquisite shape, that made her charm . . . her skin the colour of a sun-kissed apricot, a delicious background for her dark hair and odd, toffee-coloured eyes." She was, in other words, an attractive young woman, and the villainess of Miss Margery Lawrence's new novel, THE CROOKED SMILE (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.), which is set in present-day Greece.

This well-written story is permeated by the atmosphere of modern Athens, and is, I should think, a fairly close and certainly colourful representation of the lives of the Bright Young Athenian Things.

I find Miss Lawrence at her best in purely descriptive writing; some of the impressions of Greek houses and markets are outstanding. As a novelist she also has another rare gift—the ability not only to tell a good story but to impress its scenes and characters upon the memory so that one finds oneself thinking about them long after the book has been put down.

The new "tough" school of writers despise words of more than one syllable. They are terse, explanatory, and crude. They are also apt to be exceedingly monotonous and tiresome. Sometimes they are good. Mr. Don Tracy is good. He writes well; far and away better than most members of his school.

CRISS-CROSS (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a man who had a flat nose, which was a pity, because it made him look tough, and he wasn't a real tough. He loved a Polish slut called Anna, and did a little shooting for her, and got her, though it took him three-quarters of the book to do it. In the last quarter, very unexpectedly, melodrama reared its ugly head, and our flat-faced friend, who really deserved something better, was double-crossed by the young "kid" brother he loved. He was shot, too, but he got over that. Even the doctors seem to think he is tough. "You thrive on lead" they say, but Mr. Don Tracy by this time has absolutely convinced us that behind that flattened proboscis there beats a heart of gold.

THE FRONTISPIECE TO "SKETCHES BY BOZ": A pencil and water-colour drawing by George Cruikshank, the famous caricaturist and illustrator of Dickens' novels, which was put up for auction at Sotheby's on August 2. It was described as the property of a collector

A Revival in

OSTRICH FARMING

Ostrich farmers, whose prosperity is entirely dependant upon the dictates of the fashion experts, have experienced some extraordinary fluctuations in fortune during the present century; for there have been times when they have been immensely wealthy, and other times when they have lost their all. In 1913, for instance, South Africa exported feathers to the value of £2,953,587, by 1921 that figure had fallen to £461,533, while in 1932 it had dropped disastrously to £21,712. Such statistics make gloomy reading, but it is satisfactory to know that since 1933 the demand has shown an improvement, and only recently it was announced that a miniature boom was in progress and that importers were having difficulty in keeping pace with the volume of orders

FIRST GLIMPSE OF A BRAVE NEW WORLD: Baby ostriches emerging from their eggs. *On right*—Another picture taken during the hatching period. The nest consists of a pit scraped out by the parent birds with their feet

A TOUGH CUSTOMER: A man attempting to ward off an attack by an ostrich on a farm near Jacksonville, Florida. As has been pointed out above, these birds have at times been extremely profitable to breed, and the following authentic record gives some idea of the financial return that can be expected when prices are high. In 1912 a breeder bought two adult pedigree ostriches. On June 6 the hen laid her first egg. Between that date and November 1913 the pair hatched out six clutches and produced eighty-five chicks. Of these eighty-two were sold for a total of £395 10s., an average of £4 16s. 6d. each, and in addition to this two clippings of feathers were sold for £34, thus bringing the proceeds in 18 months to the high figure of £429 10s.

"BARGE DAY ON THE TYNE, 1750": This example of the art of J. H. Willis, R.B.A., is one of a series of decorative panels depicting episodes in the history of Newcastle, which have been commissioned by the Corporation and are to fill eight lunettes in the Laing Art Gallery. Here the mayor, his colleagues, and his friends are seen about to embark on a barge before rowing down the Tyne on Ascension Day to survey the reach of the river which, in the time of Edward II, was placed under the Corporation's jurisdiction. This annual ceremony was regarded as a public holiday, and if the mayor were popular the tideway was always thronged with boats

"ZEITGEIST": This striking canvas by Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A., was one of the few portraits sold at this year's Royal Academy. The principal demand appeared to be for landscapes and flower paintings in subdued tones, and for these really satisfactory prices were obtained

Nearly £12,000 Spent at the Royal Academy

A Satisfactory Demand for Modern Pictures

THOUGH the sales of the Royal Academy this year have perhaps not been quite so good as last year, 1934 having been noted for a very large sale of pictures, a very fair average has been maintained, the total sum realised last week amounting to £11,700.

A fact to be noted is that strangely few portraits have been sold, most of the pictures bearing the coveted red star being either landscapes or flower paintings, and it is also interesting to observe how the public taste seems to have veered from bright colouring, brilliant sunshine, and sharp outlines to dim symphonies of greys and browns, mountains veiled by rain-washed clouds, seas shrouded in morning mists, trees in sober neutral tints. Mr. Oliver Halls' pictures seem to have been especially favoured in this respect, only one of the six pictures exhibited not having been sold; but the red label was prominent on a great many pictures by other artists painted in the same low schemes of colouring.

One might expect a painting of the "London Dock, Looking East" (Mary C. Greene) to be subdued and grey, but when one reads in the catalogue such titles as "Bedouins" (Henry Bishop), "February Sunshine" (Charles Oppenheimer), "Western Highlands" (Frank Cimrod), "Mill on the Ouse" (George Mackly), one expects somehow to see sunshine, golden sands, purple hills, and blue water, instead of which one finds the same soft greys and browns in every one of them, a few solitary exceptions being "The Potting Shed," "A By-road" and "The Cattle Pond" all painted by Stanhope Forbes.

Has the modern taste turned away from vivid colours, or is the explanation perhaps to be found in the new style of stippled woods, pale beiges, and off-whites in house decoration?

Not many subject pictures have been sold, but those that have show a somewhat anomalous taste. George Belcher's brilliant picture of "The Mourner" for instance, showing a black clad, red-faced man evidently thoroughly enjoying his glass of sherry. Or the rather bizarre decorative picture entitled "Nobody Loves Me," by A. Duncan Carse, in which a wistful brown owl sits surrounded by a hostile crowd of birds. While as a direct antithesis there is the picture entitled "A Mother" (Benedict Davies) showing a fat old woman whose pendulous mouth and coarse, red hands, give one none of the feelings of benign peacefulness generally associated with the name.

The sale of etchings has, if anything, been better than usual, and the exquisite work of Stanley Anderson has been especially appreciated, though some lovely studies by Sir Frank Short, Henry Rushbury, H. Macbeth Raeburn, and George Soper have also been sold.

The choice in water-colours shows the same taste for pale, misty colourings. A lovely sketch of Newlyn by Graham Hoggarth shows only a faint outline of grey houses against a pale sea, while even a painting of the harbour of "Camogli" (Alfred Reeve) shows none of the hot brilliance of blue seas that one expects to find in a picture of Italy.

On left—"A HIVE FOR THE HONEY BEE": One of three works shown by Mildred E. Eldridge at this year's Royal Academy. All of them were sold

"NOBODY LOVES ME": A decorative panel by Duncan Carse, which was also among the exhibits sold at Burlington House

A RE-DISCOVERED MASTERPIECE

Van Dyck's Portrait of the Earl of Pembroke, which has Never Before been Reproduced

This portrait of Philip Herbert, 4th Earl of Pembroke, with its elegant grace and delicate treatment of the hands, is typical of Van Dyck's English Period, during which time he was official painter at the Court of Charles I. The Earl was an important Caroline figure, much in favour with the King, who made him Governor of the Isle of Wight (hence the key hanging from the right side). He played a prominent political role in the troubled period at the end of the reign. One of the first to receive the honour of being painted by Van Dyck, who was very much in demand among the aristocracy, the Earl commissioned several portraits of himself, notably the canvas that is now in the Pembroke collection at Wilton House, and shows him with his wife and relatives, the largest composition of the kind ever attempted by Van Dyck. The above portrait was painted between the years 1634 and 1636; although never before reproduced, it is not altogether unknown, having been in the Angerstein collection, and having passed at the beginning of the nineteenth century into the hands of M. le Roy, of Paris, with whose family it has remained ever since

SALZBURG—TYROL—VIENNA

Three Main Centres of Attraction in a Land which May Soon Revive its Imperial Glories

AN AUSTRIAN BUSBY: A quaint head-dress worn by a girl of Tyrol

THERE is no friendlier country in the world than Austria. From the moment one crosses the frontier life assumes an altogether simpler aspect than usual. The trains run punctually, but somehow one does not travel in terror of missing them. The Customs officers are efficient, but somehow they do not seem to be so bent on catching one out as the ruthless individuals with whom one has to contend at Folkestone or Dover.

Salzburg is a frontier town, and is at this time of year a Mecca for music-lovers from all over the world. Except from Germany, that is, which is on the other side of the frontier. It costs the Germans 1,000 marks (£50) to step across the borderline, so that if you come in a local train from Munich, which is packed when you start, you can count pretty well on having it to yourself by the time you arrive.

The increasing fame of the festival (people will travel any distance to see Toscanini conduct), has inevitably robbed the place of a little of its earlier charm. Twelve years ago it was scarcely more than a local event, and if one chanced upon it one felt one had made a "discovery." Now the constant influx and efflux of the fashionable world have rather altered that.

But the Austrians are people of innately good taste, and they never ruin things by overdoing them. Salzburg has admittedly become more organised, because so many more people are going there. On the other hand, the quality of the performances—plays, operas and concerts alike—is the very best that Europe has to offer.

And the town itself is a perfect setting for them. It lies between mountains, which are high enough to be picturesque but not so high as to be oppressive. A swiftly flowing river runs through it (incidentally, there are good facilities for swimming and sunbathing), and its buildings achieve, in the aggregate, a perfect expression of the baroque spirit.

The country round about is lovely, and even if one intends to stay only a short time it is worth trying to see something of it; train fares are cheap, and in a district like the Salzkammergut, which is one of the most attractive in Austria, the hotels range from the luxurious to the simple, all of them being scrupulously clean.

An hour or so from Salzburg, and you find yourself high up in a land of mountains and lakes—the Mondsee, the Attersee, the Ebensee, the Wolfgangsee and the Traunsee are the most important ones. The town of Mondsee is a charming little place, with brilliantly painted gabled houses, window boxes filled with flowers, and a fine church, and there are some very pretty walks roundabout. But it is quiet. Gmunden, at the head of the Traunsee, has more to offer in the way of social life, including a Kurhaus. It is rather like a miniature Lucerne, and looks on to a magnificent mountain panorama.

Speaking generally, there are three main centres of attraction in Austria: Salzburg and its surrounding country; Tyrol; and Vienna.

The mountains of Tyrol are really high, and in the small hours of every morning the tramp of nailed boots is to be heard in Innsbruck's streets, as parties of climbers set off on their expeditions. However, it is possible to enjoy oneself without necessarily being as strenuous as that. Innsbruck itself is a fine town and there is plenty to see there. Also, funicular railways abound, for the convenience of those who like mountain tops, and have not too exacting a sense of honour about arriving at them.

A sunrise from the Hafelekar is really worth getting up to see, amass of gleaming peaks and the silver-threaded valley of the Inn coming out of the morning mist far away below.

A CITY OF FAR DISTANCES: Looking towards the snow-capped mountains from the Maria-Theresien-Strasse, the main thoroughfare of Innsbruck

As in the case of Salzburg, there are innumerable small places within easy reach of Innsbruck where one can stay quietly. One of the best districts is the Ötztal, a valley famous for its wild flowers, and the brilliance of the mountains against the sky is something of which one can never get tired.

A TYROLIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE: A charming corner of Rattenburg which stands at a height of about 1,600 ft. and from which many delightful excursions can be made

Fine days in Austria always seem much more fine than anywhere else. The colours—especially the green of the meadows—are so extraordinarily vivid; and this applies just as much to the country round about the Danube as to the mountains.

There is no pleasanter way of approaching Vienna than down the Danube; from Passau or Linz. It is not very blue, but it is very beautiful: a really noble river, passing sometimes between wide meadowlands, its banks fringed with a single line of willows, sometimes between vine-clad hills which come down sharply to its edges. Passau is a pleasant town. Linz is pleasant, too, but not very interesting, except for the monastery of St. Florian, which lies on a hill about ten miles outside it and can be reached by tram. It is a splendid eighteenth-century building, and in the church is a magnificent organ, which with luck one may hear being played.

Another very fine monastery worth looking out for is Melk, rather more than halfway between Linz and Vienna, on the right bank of the river.

And now Vienna itself. It is extraordinary to think that since 1918 this city has seen more intense and bitter suffering than possibly anywhere else in Europe. Its gaiety appears so spontaneous—so much a part of the ordinary life of the place. The old joke that however desperate affairs might be in Vienna they were never serious has unhappily been disproved. But the Viennese maintain their fortitude of spirit. They chatter lightheartedly in the cafés, they throng to concerts and to the opera, they make week-end expeditions into the country, or go and walk in the beautiful Schönbrunn Gardens . . . it must be an ideal city to live in, one is already thinking before one has been there a couple of days. There is so much of everything: so many cafés and such good food, so many fascinating shops, so many fine buildings. To walk down the Kärntnerstrasse, the fashionable centre of the town, is to feel that here, at any rate, is a capital worthy of the beautiful country to which it belongs.

Even in the most ardent days of the Republic, no attempt has been made to obliterate the Habsburg tradition: it is a tradition so bound up with Vienna that such an attempt would be doomed to failure anyway. But with the possibility of a Habsburg restoration once again in view, particular interest attaches to the former royal residences — the Hofburg and Schönbrunn, both of which are rich in historical associations. So also is the cathedral, St. Stephen's, in the cool, dark aisles of which one finds an extraordinary contrast to the animation and bustle of the streets which surround it.

A.G.

A CHALET IN THE MOUNTAINS: A picturesque scene at Seefeld

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are at their disposal. Enquiries should be addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2

ITALY, ETHIOPIA, AND GENEVA

Latest Developments in the Dispute

WORKING FOR PEACE: M. Laval, the French Prime Minister, and Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Minister for League Affairs, seen together at Geneva where they were engaged last week in attempting to bring about a settlement in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. After four days of negotiations it was finally decided that Britain, France, and Italy should engage in a three-power conference to be held within ten days in or near Paris, and that the Council of the League of Nations should assemble again on September 4 to discuss the outcome of this meeting

THE KING OF KINGS SPEAKS TO HIS PEOPLE: The Emperor Haile Selassie delivering from a balcony of the Parliament House at Addis Ababa the now historic speech in which he stressed his desire for peace, but made it clear that if attacked he would defend Ethiopia to the utmost, "not hesitating to pour out my life-blood for the independence of my country." For the first time in the history of Ethiopia booklets of the Emperor's address were distributed to the Members of Parliament and other important officials. *On right*—Professor Gaston Jeze, the Ethiopian representative at Geneva, who has played an important part in the recent League negotiations and, although not a member of the Council, has been present at its sessions

A GENEVA PERSONALITY: Mr. Tekla Hawariat, the Ethiopian Minister in Paris, who has been assisting Professor Jeze in putting his country's point of view before the League Council

THE BIG FIVE: Baron Aloisi, the Italian Representative; M. Laval, the French Prime Minister; M. Litvinov, the Russian Foreign Minister and President of the Council; M. Avenol, the Secretary General of the League; and Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Minister for League Affairs, seated together at the top of the horseshoe table at which last week's momentous meeting of the League Council was held. They were in session for four days

A DRAMATIC MASTERPIECE AT HIS MAJESTY'S: The final scene in *Yoshe Kalb*, the play presented last week by Maurice Schwartz and his Yiddish Art Theatre Company of America. It is the story of a young mystic's fall from grace, of his sin and suffering, of his meekness and resignation, of his silence (by way of penance) under false accusations, and of his final degradation when, as this picture shows, he is arraigned before a court of seventy eminent rabbis and pronounced to be a "gilgul"—a lost soul who must inevitably bring ruin and misfortune wherever he appears. Lazar Freed (*extreme left*) interprets with great depth of feeling the part of this unwanted wanderer

DRAMA

Bernard Shaw not at his Best in "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles": "Yoshe Kalb" Proves a Triumphant Success in Spite of the Language Difficulty

By PHILIP PAGE

ALMOST invariably does Mr. Bernard Shaw write a preface to his plays (often more interesting than the play itself), and sometimes an epilogue, too. In the case of *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, which opened the Malvern Festival with much whoopage and Shavery, he has issued a defence of his play "as a reply to American criticism."

I have not read the American criticisms, but if they are as unfavourable as such of the English ones as I have seen, I can well understand Mr. Shaw being lashed into replying. Perhaps there will now be a second apologia launched at the English critics, some of whom, I remember, Mr. Shaw put years ago into one of his plays—and a much more interesting play it was than *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*. If he does, so much the better.

I found the journey to Malvern of little profit, for this is emphatically not Mr. Bernard Shaw at his best: yet in his essays, pamphlets, prefaces, and explanation, he is as vital and as witty and as vigorous as ever. And it cannot be easy to be witty about the Apocalypse. Much that he says is profoundly truthful, though one of his remarks I would venture slightly to amend. "In *The Simpleton*" he writes, "I am going further and further afield." From the point of view of the dramatic virtues, Mr. Shaw is going further and further astray. We can surely accept as axiomatic that a dramatist's first duty is to write a good play. Compare *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, which is as clumsy as its title, and also its immediate predecessors, with the Shaw of thirty years ago—the Shaw of, say, *The Doctor's Dilemma*—and the extent of his straying is obvious. That work of genius, *Saint Joan*, which is the product of an intervening period, showed that Mr. Shaw can deluge us with a spate of words without being verbose. In *The Simpleton* such saving grace is not apparent.

Shavian philosophy is poured out by the gallon in some Utopian isle in the Pacific, with a young clergyman as the simpleton; but most of it is stale and nearly all of it is dull. Actual horse-play is for the most part avoided. There are no wildly farcical and staggeringly unfunny situations involving people rolling over and over on the floor—one of the marks of the later Shaw. Yet much of the humour is sheer verbal horse-play and it has the cheap cynicism of the very young. Such dialogue as "Why do you want to make me a bishop? I am weak-minded." "But so are many of our bishops," one would expect from a precocious undergraduate of nineteen rather than from a world-famous—and deservedly—literary figure of seventy-nine. It simply is not true to say that many—or, for that matter, any—of our bishops are weak-minded. If Mr. Shaw simply meant the remark as a joke, it is an egregiously poor one.

The serious portions of the play touch on eugenics, with a sort of Shavian angel deciding who is unworthy and must be weeded out, or, as Mr. Stalin would say, "liquidated." The list of victims is not, like that of Gilbert's *Mikado*, a little one. And to Gilbert goes the credit of having thought of the idea first, and of treating it much more neatly and effectively.

Production is good and so is the acting, notably of Mr. Stephen Murray and Miss Vivienne Bennett. Malvern showed much enthusiasm for *The Simpleton*, and it is patent that in the eyes of many the great man can do no wrong. But his more discriminating admirers will regret that a really great man should have written a play that amounts to so very little.

A NOTABLE REVIVAL: Nancy Price and Oliver Johnston in Henrik Ibsen's play, *Ghosts*, which is now running at the Duke of York's Theatre

"The Unguarded Hour."—Sir Francis Dearden, K.C., not only had an "unguarded hour" in the play of that name at Daly's Theatre, but a very bad and unexpected quarter-of-an-hour at the hand of his old friend, Colonel Mason, of Scotland Yard. He proved himself a very simpleton during the unexpected quarter-of-an-hour by lying hard and unnecessarily about what he did between five and six on a certain afternoon.

The author (Bernard Merivale, adapting from the Hungarian of L. Fodor) has a theory, and quite an intriguing one, that chance may surround an innocent man with circumstances which point to his being a guilty one, and that some people are hanged for murders they did not commit on evidence which is conclusively damning.

Perhaps. But would Sir Francis, a famous counsel and the very devil as a cross-examiner, have floundered and fumbled when the Colonel, by way of a joke and to test the theory, said, "What were *you* doing between five and six this afternoon?" Why did Sir Francis say he crushed his finger in the door of a car when it would have been so much simpler to have told the truth and said that it had been cut with a knife? Why did he tell lots of other little tarradiddles? The answer is, of course, that had he not done so the play would have no point. As a crime play with an original twist it is uncommonly good entertainment. As a warning against the danger of circumstantial evidence it is not likely to have much propaganda value, but if there is a little powder in the jam it can at any rate do no harm.

REB MELECH: Maurice Schwartz (*seated at table*) as the coarse and domineering Chasidic Rabbi in *Yoshe Kalb* at His Majesty's

Coincidence is dragged in but with excellent effect. For it happened that there *was* a murder between five and six that afternoon and that Sir Francis, hot from doing his best, as prosecuting counsel, to secure the conviction of a poor wretch accused of another murder, was at the very spot where the murder was committed. A missing button, a bottle of chartreuse—clues of all sorts made things look very black and Sir Francis as green as the chartreuse. But all is eventually explained satisfactorily, and the next day in court the deadly cross-examiner sets out to secure an acquittal, and does so.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle has for years been destined to play parts such as Sir Francis; this is the best of a long long line and he plays it immaculately.

"Yoshe Kalb."—Ignorance of Yiddish, which language is now heard on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre, I found no bar to enjoyment of a singularly beautiful play, *Yoshe Kalb*, presented by the Yiddish Arts Theatre of America. How much greater my enjoyment would have been without that ignorance I can only guess. I do not know whether the language of Mr. Maurice Schwartz's play is as magnificent as that of Shakespeare; I do know that for the theatre this is a superb piece of work which carries its true meaning on its face, though not its possible subtleties for the non-Yiddish.

Yoshe is "a blameless fool," a Jewish version, perhaps, of Wagner's *Parsifal* and with much of Parsifal's mystic significance. The play is more deeply religious than the opera which is oppressed with religiosity. Yoshe suffers for another's sins, refusing even to defend himself. Round his suffering and his saintliness are built up scenes of vivid import, dances, songs, mourning, and feasting, Oriental in their colour and their full-blooded emotion. The spectacle—for that is what it will have to remain for the majority—is intensely moving from first to last and there is not a moment when the thing hangs fire.

The Jewish company are not afraid to act and to give us something of what nowadays is called, with an undeserved sneer, "a bit of the old stuff." When emotion is felt emotion is shown with almost every muscle of the body. It is, I repeat, an essentially Oriental interpretation of an Oriental play, and any other method would have been completely out of place.

Mr. Lazar Freed as Yoshe was a nobly pathetic figure, and another performance I shall remember is that of Mr. Schwartz as the old Rabbi.

"How long, O Lord, how long . . ." And *Yoshe Kalb* seemed very long. But I would not have missed one minute of it.

CONGO, THE OKAPI, MAKES HIS DEBUT

The First of His Kind at the London Zoo

"... AND EARS LIKE ERRANT WINGS": A striking view of Congo, the rare member of the giraffe family, who was presented to the Prince of Wales by the King of the Belgians and has recently arrived at the London Zoo. *On right*—A sideways impression showing the striping on the buttocks

CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING THRONG: Congo watched by a large crowd when he made his first appearance in the paddock specially provided for him at the Zoo. *Above on right* — Sometimes he becomes very shy and stays within his newly constructed hut. Taking up tit bits with his long, prehensile tongue

INTELLIGENT ENQUIRY: A study of Congo which emphasises the great size of his head compared with the rest of his body. In appearance he is a mixture between a donkey, a zebra, an antelope, and a giraffe, but actually he has most characteristics in common with the last-named species

IT is a matter for surprise that the okapi should have remained undiscovered until the opening years of the twentieth century. But such was the case, for it was only in 1900 that Sir Harry Johnston, the great British explorer, first began the researches which resulted in this animal's being definitely classified as a rare member of the giraffe family. Nineteen years later a specimen was brought to Europe, and since that time three have been exhibited in Antwerp Zoo, one of which still survives. Congo is the first of his kind to reach England

A LINK WITH THE DIM PAST: Congo has been described as a "living fossil," as he is said to be scarcely distinguishable from a now extinct animal called the samotherium (or alternatively paleotragus) which existed in Greece in the Lower Pliocene period, some 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 years ago. At this time the giraffe family was mainly represented by the short-necked type

Personalities IN THE LIMELIGHT

THREE NOTABLE WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK: *Left*—Flight-Lieutenant Kenneth MacEwen, eldest son of Air Vice-Marshal MacEwen, leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields with his bride, Miss Eveylyn Noyce Rome, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Rome, of Penhalonga, Southern Rhodesia. *Centre*—Miss Elizabeth Benn, elder daughter of Sir Ernest Benn, the well-known publisher, and Mr. Paul Shinkman, a New York journalist, whose wedding took place at St. Peter's, Tandridge, Surrey. *Right*—Miss Elizabeth Keyes leaving for Westminster Abbey where she was married to Mr. Peter Wallop William-Powlett. With her is her father, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes

PROUD PARENTS: Mu Proa, one of the giraffe-necked Burmese women now touring with the Bertram Mills circus, seen with her husband and her infant daughter who was born recently in a Carlisle nursing home. This is the first Padaung child to be born out of its native country

A HOLIDAY AWHEEL: Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth pictured with two of their children in the grounds of their home at Warminster before they left for the Continent for their 500-mile cycling tour. They were planning to start from Frankfurt last Saturday and to make for Salzburg, staying each night at one of the various youth hostels en route. Accompanying them was Lord Stavordale, the Earl of Ilchester's heir

A JUDGE'S SILVER JUBILEE: Sir Thomas Horridge who has been a judge of the King's Bench Division of the High Court since 1910. He was called to the Bar in 1884 and from 1906 to 1910 was Liberal M.P. for the Division of Manchester East

"WHY HAVE NOT THE WHITE MEN CONQUERED DEATH"?: This was the penetrating comment made by Vela, a native of Southern Rhodesia, when he paid a visit to Croydon Aerodrome a few days ago and gazed with admiring eyes on some of the giant air-liners assembled there

SMILES OF VICTORY: Mr. Frank Stephens and Miss Ethel Stephens, two well-known Liverpool dancing instructors, holding the Pearce Shield which was awarded to them for the best and most original variation in modern ballroom dancing in a recent contest in London

"THE PARISIAN NIGHTINGALE": Eliane Celis whose delightful singing is proving a great attraction at the Piccadilly Hotel. She has a big reputation on the Continent

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The terrace at the Summer Sporting Club

. . . The nights are soft as velvet. Leave the brilliant medley of the "Salles des Jeux" for a moment and go out on to the terrace: the mysterious throbbing of the band fills the summer air: the starlight dances for you on the water just below . . .

This is the Summer Sporting Club, where the timeless fascination of the tables, and that romantic enchantment which has made Monte Carlo immortal, are transposed to an incomparable summer setting.

At Monte Carlo Beach the design for a perfect summer resort has been perfectly carried out. Hotels, restaurant, swimming pool, tennis courts, Summer Sporting Club have all been built at the very edge of the sea within a stone's throw of each other.

And it is not too far—a night's journey by rail, or a day's journey by air. And staying there is not expensive, even at the best hotels, where under an inclusive arrangement, you may take your meals without extra charge at the Sporting Club or the Beach Restaurant as well as in your hotel.

Monte Carlo Beach

EUROPE'S MADDEST RACE

(Continued from p. 208)

tried to stifle things, he was informed that he had better not seek to interfere with the playing of the National Anthem of a friendly Power.

The monster voices at last died away, here come the first of the "titans of the road," whirling along the level at 28 m.p.h., heads right down, goggled and jockey-capped, hung with spare tubes and knapsacks and canettes of cold coffee. Grimacing and panting, streaming with perspiration that turns dust into mud on the cheek, the leaders are in constant danger of being run into from behind by Press cars, for ever dodging up and down, or else of themselves colliding with a car or lorry that has suddenly pulled up ahead. That was how the French favourite, Magne, and a Belgian named Daneels, came to grief on the highest road in Europe, the Galibier. Someone punctured ahead, cars pulled up short, and Magne and Daneels ran plump into one, heads down, not seeing. Magne wept bitterly through his agony, and later that day a free fight ensued down at Nice when the locals began jibing at the French team for its having put up such a bad show. Whereupon the survivors of that team rose from the terrace where they were dining and, seizing chairs, belaboured their critics until the police came.

It was at Nice, too, that the first one minute's silence for the dead supervened. A young Spaniard named Cepeda was found terribly injured on the mountain side, and, despite trepanning, died. Officially no one knew what had happened to him, though there was much guessing.

Along the Riviera, only half the original eighty-three survived, and a good many of these were swathed in bandages. Near Toulon occurred the most dramatic accident. Angered beyond measure at the reduction of his prize-money "potentiality," Jules Merviel saw red at Cannes, stimulated himself artifically, and shot away completely ahead of the rest of the race. Soon he was many miles ahead of everybody, going like a madman, head right down, so much so, that, half dazed as he was, he crashed clean into a stationary lorry and was picked up in pieces.

But I had forgotten that we had taken up position by the roadside . . .

The circus sputters and bangs and jolts its way by. Now a group of racers, perhaps ten or twelve. Now a "solitary." And, in between, cars and motor-cycles and *camions* with newsreel tripods topside.

Yellowmantle!

The locals lean intently forward as a yellow jersey whizzes by. This garment is reserved for the leader of the Tour in the general classification and was recently worn throughout by the Flemish champion, Romain Maës. The Belgians have always been wonderful cycle racers. Two Belgians, Vervaecke and Sylvère Maës, were the heroes of the toughest sector, the 200 miles over the Pyrenees from Perpignan to Luchon. They won that stretch by the amazing span of twenty minutes, or seven or eight miles. It was in this stretch, too, that the usual Franco-Italian "incident" occurred. Most years the Latin sisters come to blows. This year, in view of rapprochement and all that, great care was ordered to be taken. Alas, it was of no avail. Climbing the Tourmalet, twice Snowdon's height, a following French car barged into Camusso, the Italian crack, and laid open one leg in a vast gash. Camusso's pace makers and comrades dismounted, and only one decided to resume. The others quit in volcanic suppression of feeling. Of course it had been done on purpose!

It so fell out that next day the persevering Italian, Morelli, nobly showed what Italy could do. He went mad, even as poor Merviel had done. He scampered over the rest of the Pyrenees and arrived at Pau no less than eleven minutes in the lead. But the effort cracked him.

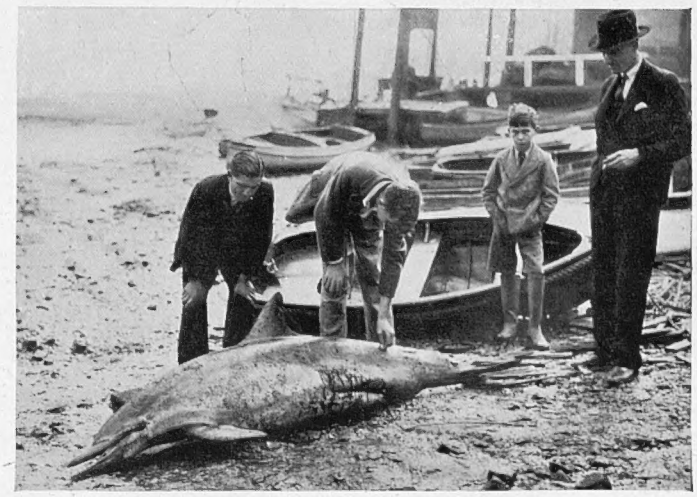
The French did terribly this year, having only two in the first ten. Even the newcomer Germans acquitted themselves better. France's main mountain hope—and this race is usually won in the mountains—unaccountably deflated. Two years ago young Vietto was a chasseur at Palm Beach Casino, Cannes. Last year he entered the tour without fanfare, and rode off with two of the worst mountain stretches. Cannes gave the ex-chasseur a public banquet, the mayor presiding. This year Cannes expected Vietto to shed new lustre. But poor Vietto had to slink through his native town, ashamed to lift head from handlebars.

Local sons are usually allowed to win the stretches involving their towns of origin but this time something went wrong. The Marseilles champion, Bistagne, arrived in his native city in a taxi, afraid to face the multitude, so badly was he placed; while a most distressing scene attended the arrival of Berty in his native Grenoble. Berty fell fainting into the arms of his friends and lay convulsed with weeping for ten minutes.

On this Tour an inner tube has to be changed in under the minute. Hairpin Pyrenean gradients that one would take in first, braking with the engine, have to be descended at 40 kilometres an hour, such descents affording perhaps the most astonishing exhibitions of prowess. All weather conditions have to be faced: fog, heat, rain, cold, snow. And other things. This year's winner, Romain Maës, very nearly lost in the Pyrenees through food poisoning. It is a most peculiar race, and putting the opposition out of action has been resorted to more than once.

But how the Press enjoys its month round France! That is the secret. That is why the Tour goes on and on.

A DOLPHIN AT PUTNEY



Dolphins sometimes ascend rivers in search of food, but it is not often that they are seen so far up the Thames as this specimen which was found dead on the shore at Putney a few days ago

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

IT is a splendid work, that of training young children to become good and useful citizens. During the last ninety-two years, the Society has passed through their Homes and Training Ship over 33,000 children. 1,100 children are always being maintained. Funds are most earnestly needed, so that this great work of caring for the young may be carried on. Please help by sending a donation to: 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

SHELL
→IS
→FIRST
→ALWAYS

Shell is, and always has been, the most successful petrol in this country. Since the beginning of motoring it has led the field and this year again further consolidated its lead. Its quality — always uniform throughout the country—has no equal and is the real cause of its predominance. In addition to this you can get it wherever you go.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*August* 10, 1935. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Dublin (Air Service between Ostende and Brussels).—There is an air service between Ostende and Brussels on weekdays only, leaving Ostende at 7.45 a.m. arriving in Brussels at 9.10 a.m., and in the reverse direction leaving Brussels at 6.40 p.m. arriving in Ostende at 8.5 p.m. The single fare is 125 Belgian francs, the return fifteen-days' ticket being 213 francs. Reservations can be made through Imperial Airways, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1. The journey between Ostende and Brussels can be made by train in about one hour and twenty minutes.

P., Lancs. (Ulster).—Portrush has a bracing and invigorating climate, a good sandy beach, and an 18-hole golf course, so that it should suit your requirements. The cliffs offer plenty of scope for walking, and one obtains some very extensive views from the top of Ramore Head. Motor coach excursions can be made to the Giant's Causeway, the Glens of Antrim, Dunluce Castle, and many other points of interest. You would like the Northern Counties Hotel at Portrush, which is close to the Royal Portrush Golf Club.

R., Cape Town.—You are probably referring to the village of Wellow (population 1,755) in Somerset, 4½ miles south of Bath. You could make further enquiries from the vicar of the parish church, St. Julien's.

L., Norfolk.—The third-class return fare from Norwich to Aberdeen would be £4 4s. 3d. You could take the 10.7 p.m. train from Peterborough, arriving in Edinburgh at 6.5 a.m., spend the morning and afternoon there and then continue on to Aberdeen. On the return journey you could leave Aberdeen at 10.20 a.m., travelling straight through to Peterborough, arriving there at 8.33 p.m. You could make excursions into lovely Deeside from Aberdeen.

D., Yorks (Italy).—There is no railway station at Sorrento, but you can take a tram from there to Castellamare, from where you can take a train to Pompeii. It is possible to go by train from Pompeii Scavi to Pesto, changing at Battipaglia. There is a motor coach service from Salerno, the station before Battipaglia, but this would give you only from 10.40 a.m. to 4 p.m. in Pesto.

M., Kent (Scotland, France, Belgium).—Motor coach tours of Scotland are run by the Scottish Motor Traction Co., Ltd. As you are interested in cathedrals and old towns you might like to take a circular rail ticket by the L.N.E.R., which would enable you to see York, Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, and Cambridge. Such a ticket would cost £1 15s. 6d. third-class return from London. Thos. Cook organize a good, conducted motor coach tour to Brittany, the eight days' tour costing £12 12s. inclusive. They also organize an eight days' tour of Belgium, visiting Ostende, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, this tour costing £8 17s. 6d.

P., London (Co. Wicklow).—The Grand Hotel at Greystones overlooks the sea, there being a delightful bathing cove immediately in front of the main hotel entrance. There are two tennis courts in the hotel grounds, while the 18-hole golf course of the Greystones Golf Club is close at hand, and offers special terms to the hotel guests. From Whitsun to October the terms at the Grand Hotel range from 12s. per day.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein.—"Der Kaiserhof."—The hotel of distinction, comfort, perfect service. Unrivalled position in own vast park.

Salzburg.—Grand Hotel de l'Europe.—The leading Hotel situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonnotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First class in every way. Facing Baths and Kurpark. Pension from RM. 10.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft. Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl). —Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Reichspost-Hotel.—Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Comm. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms Garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.
Opposite Central Station
300 beds. Every comfort.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. on Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens fr. Mks.12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

ITALY.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.—
Hotel Gudrun.—
Every comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-date. An ideal home in a charming posn. Park. Gar. New Rates. (Prop. W. Deig.)

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.**—1,000 beds. Full pension rates from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder.—Dolder Grand Hotel, 1,900 ft.—Golf in front of Hotel, wonderful view. Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture, 15 ins. × 10¼ ins.) at 5/- each.

Copies signed by the artist, 10/- each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Or framed complete in best quality ½-in. Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and glass. Size overall 20¾ ins. by 16¼ ins. Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) 10/6 each.

Or copies signed by the artist, 15/6 each.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

"THE SPHERE" REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3256.
Bath.—Empire Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Blackpool.—Hotel Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Crag Hall Private Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Buxton.—Haddon Hall Hydro.
Church Stretton.—Longmynd Hotel.
Cromer (near).—Overstrand. Tel. O'strand 29.
Devon (North) Saunton.—Saunton Sands Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel, 1st cl., 3 acres grnds.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel.
Ilfracombe.—Ilfracombe Hotel. Telephone 20.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Rock Park Hotel. Tel. 2.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Ramsgate.—Granville Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel. 100 rms. Garage.
Scarborough.—Grand Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Shaldon, Teignmouth.—Dunmore Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Imperial Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Weston-super-Mare.—Royal Hotel. Sea front.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.

LONDON

Bailey's Hotel, S.W.7.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
South Kensington Hotel.
The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater.—Deeside-Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Oban.—Marine Hotel, Esplanade. Apply tariff.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

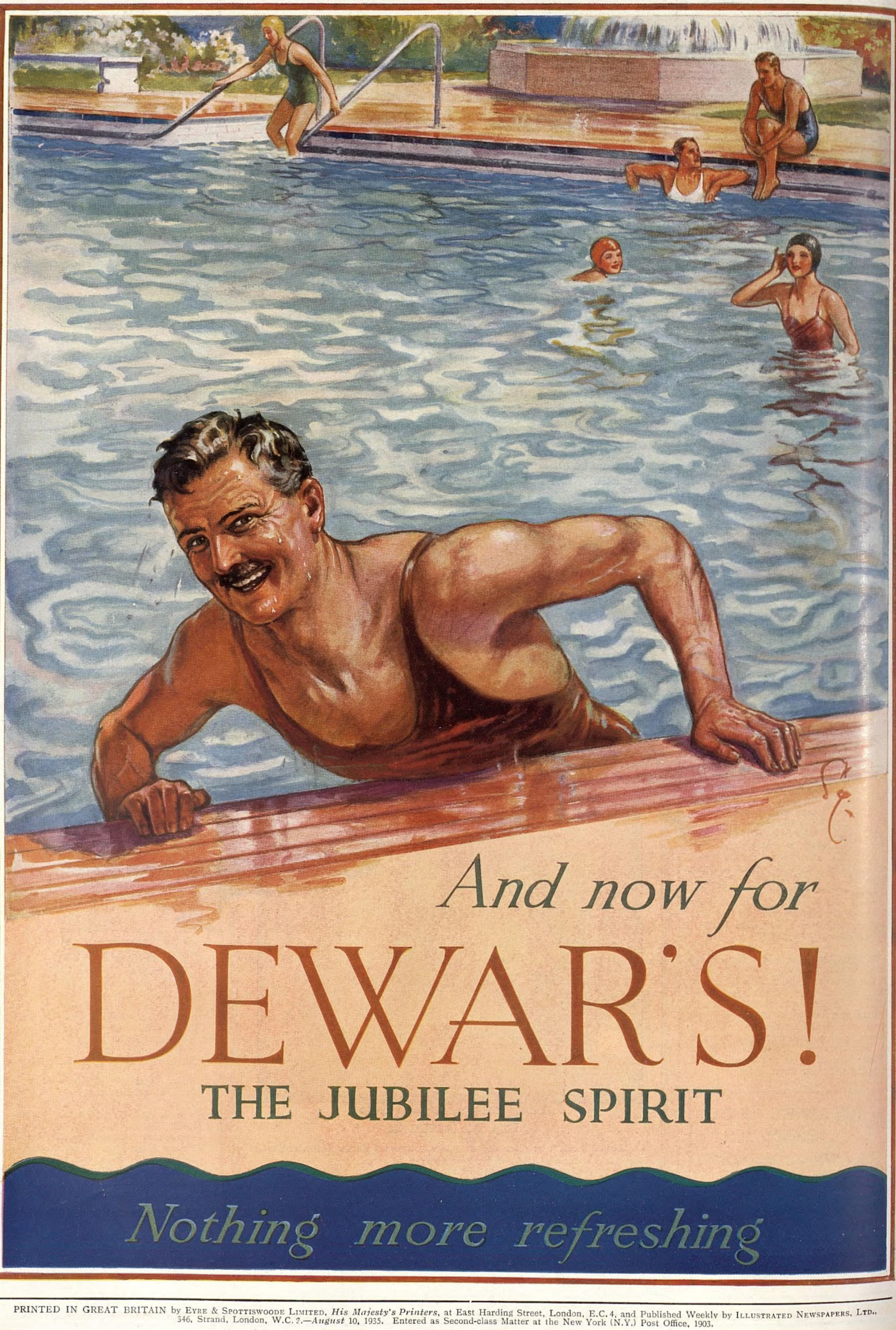
(See also first column of this page)

M., Sussex (Sweden).—The fare through the Gota Canal from Gothenburg to Stockholm is 135 Swedish kronen, this being for a single cabin in the 1st class, and including all meals. There are at present about 19.35 kronen to the £. There is no steamer on September 2, though there are departures on both September 1 and September 3, leaving Gothenburg at 10 a.m. and arriving in Stockholm at 6.30 p.m. on the 3rd and 5th September respectively. The Swedish Lloyd boats leave Tilbury on Wednesdays and Saturdays arriving in Gothenburg at 7 a.m. on Fridays and Mondays respectively. As you wish to cross at the week-end it would be necessary for you to stay the Monday night in Gothenburg.

D., Carms. (Ireland).—As you do not wish to go too far afield we suggest you visit Glendalough which, situated in Co. Wicklow, is surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in Ireland. You could cross from Fishguard to Rosslare, and then go up to Glendalough by train. You would like the Royal Hotel there, which is most comfortable.

R., Glasgow (Ireland).—For your centre on the east coast of Ireland we suggest Rostrevor, Co. Down, where there is the Great Northern Railway Hotel. Rostrevor overlooks Carlingford Lough, and is at the foot of the famous Mourne Mountains. On the west coast you would like Bundoran, where there is also a Great Northern Railway Hotel. Bundoran is within easy reach of the Donegal Highlands.

H., Northants (Cruise).—The *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line is making a very interesting cruise during the autumn, leaving Southampton on October 12th. The itinerary includes Italy, Egypt, Palestine and Greece, the fare for this thirty days' cruise ranging from 55 guineas.



And now for

DEWAR'S!

THE JUBILEE SPIRIT

Nothing more refreshing

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*August* 10, 1935. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.